

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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IF ANY LITTLE WORD OF
MINE CAN MAKE A LIFE
THE BRIGHTER • IF ANY
LITTLE SONG OF MINE
CAN MAKE A HEART THE
LIGHTER—GOD HELP ME
SPEAK THE LITTLE WORD •
AND TAKE MY BIT OF SINGING AND
DROP IT IN SOME LONELY VALE TO
SET THE ECHOES RINGING!

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HIVES

HIVES, or nettle rash, or urticaria, is a skin disease characterized by an eruption of wheals, or round or oval elevations, waxy pale in the centre but surrounded with a pinkish circle. These wheals appear suddenly and are preceded by a reddened and itching area of varying extent. They usually last only a short time and disappear as suddenly as they come, leaving no traces. They vary from the size of a pea to that of a half dollar and on the average are perhaps the size of a twenty-five cent piece. They often itch intolerably, and the scratching that the itching provokes causes a pimply eruption that persists long after the wheals have disappeared.

The disease is more common in the young, but may affect those of any age. The ordinary form is a reaction of the system to some article of food or a drug regarding which the sufferer has a permanent or temporary idiosyncrasy; that particular food or drug acts as a poison to him. The offending articles of diet are usually shell-fish of one sort or another, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, certain cheeses, pork or buckwheat. There may be other exciting causes, but food is the usual one.

The appearance of the eruption may be accompanied or preceded by nausea and feverishness, or there may be no constitutional symptoms at all. The wheals may come on any part of the body, but are most common on the face and the chest. The attack may pass off in a few hours or in a day or two without treatment; its disappearance can be hastened by simple means. The offending material in the bowel must be got rid of with a dose of castor oil, and at the same time the system must be alkalinized by a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water, repeated in an hour, or by teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, repeated three or four times at intervals of half an hour.

Besides this acute form of hives there is also a much more serious form, which is chronic and lasts sometimes for weeks. The treatment of it is less satisfactory, partly because the cause is more obscure. It may be so-called acidosis, auto-intoxication from sluggish action of the bowels, poor elimination through the kidneys or skin, faulty digestion, gout, diabetes, tuberculosis, intestinal parasites or any one of several other departures from health and must be searched for and corrected if possible. But whatever the cause may be, strict attention to diet, the relief of constipation, plenty of sleep and other hygienic measures are absolutely necessary.

A VOLUBLE RECEPTION FOR SIR JAMES

A RECENT book of reminiscences by Mr. Joseph Harker, a well known English decorator and scene painter, contains a number of breezy stories about famous and near-famous personages in the literary and artistic life of London. Mr. Harker has something to say of Sir J. M. Barrie of course, and he tells this anecdote of the distinguished author when he was first making his success as a dramatist with The Little Minister:

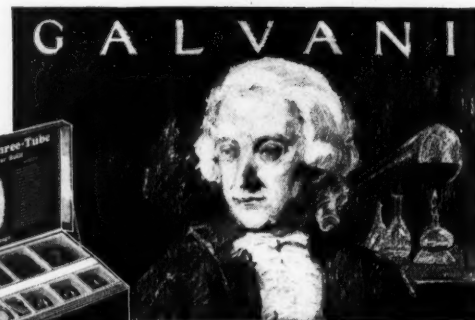
One night Mr. Barrie wanted to congratulate one of the actresses on her successful reading of her part; so he went round behind and, knocking at the door, shyly asked if he might enter.

The lady called out, "Come in!" and as Barrie opened the door she plunged straight into a dissertation on "Should women propose?" or some other topic of the kind.

After some minutes of monologue she wound up her address by remarking sweetly as she put the finishing touches to her stage toilette, "That's all I have to say. Mind you don't misrepresent me, please, and do use one of my prettiest photographs with the interview."

She had mistaken the modest and self-effacing author, whom she had never met, for a reporter whose name had been sent in a few minutes before Mr. Barrie's arrival!

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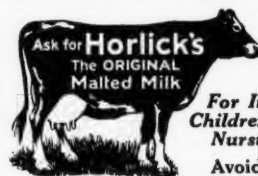
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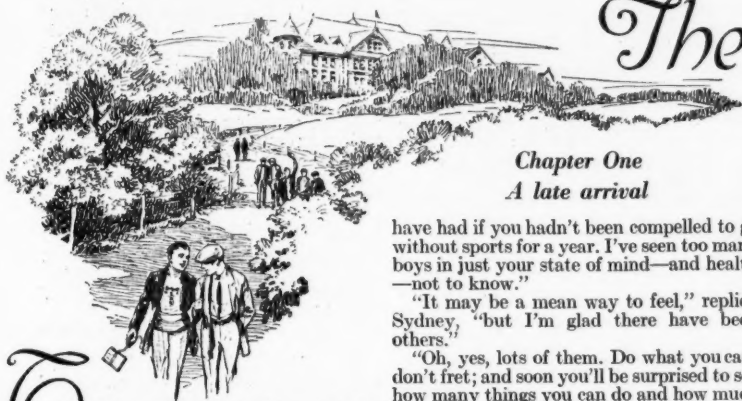
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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The SPLENDID YEAR

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

Chapter One A late arrival

THE announcement that was welcome to Mrs. Desmond was disappointing to her son. A shadow crossed Sydney's face, but he smiled at the rector, in whose study he sat, and the rector liked him for that smile. Up to that moment he had only felt sorry for the tall, good-looking boy with the athletic frame, the curly brown hair, the wide brow and the blue eyes in which the expression shifted so quickly and so often from eagerness to wistfulness.

"Sydney's trying hard to look pleased," commented Dr. Davenport. "I know that he had rather be put into a dormitory. But, arriving at this time, two weeks after the term has begun, he'll have to go where we can fit him in; and it's fortunate that Mr. and Mrs. Warner have a room in their house that he can occupy. Of course I hope that soon we can get him into the Upper School; probably after the Christmas vacation when there are usually some changes we can arrange it."

"I think it's just as well myself that he should be in a private family; he isn't at all strong," said Mrs. Desmond. She looked in an affectionate but too obviously grieving manner at her son, who shook his head slightly with impatience. "Even though the doctor says it's all right for him now to come to boarding school, I'm sure that the more quiet his life is for a time the better."

"In spite of what mother says," remarked Sydney Desmond with the smile that the rector found so engaging, "I hope the fellows and the masters won't treat me as an invalid."

"No," said Dr. Davenport sympathetically. "There's no reason why anyone should do that. So long as you abstain from violent exercise for this year—that seems to be the principal thing that your doctor insists on. He writes that otherwise you needn't be under any restriction."

"A halter round the neck is halter enough," Sydney's smile became wistful. "I've always thought that violent exercise was the only kind worth taking. I hope anyway that every body won't have to know that I have trouble with my heart."

"Oh, certainly not," said the rector, and Mrs. Desmond with a pained expression broke in:

"I wish you wouldn't speak of it so, Sydney. When it's just a temporary ailment that will right itself in time if only you're careful. I wish you wouldn't be so sensitive about it too."

"It's natural enough that he should be," said Dr. Davenport. "Sports hold a pretty important place in a boy's school life, and it's hard to be shut off from them. But you're not by any means the first fellow, Sydney, that has come to this school in such a condition—feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. And of all the boys who have come here similarly handicapped I can't remember one who didn't find compensations as the school year went on—new interests that he might never have turned to otherwise. This is to be a year in which something will fill the place of sports in your life. You'll discover some new resource that you wouldn't

have had if you hadn't been compelled to go without sports for a year. I've seen too many boys in just your state of mind—and health—not to know."

"It may be a mean way to feel," replied Sydney, "but I'm glad there have been others."

"Oh, yes, lots of them. Do what you can; don't fret; and soon you'll be surprised to see how many things you can do and how much fun there is in doing them."

"But be sure you don't overdo," said Mrs. Desmond. "Don't forget—do be careful, Sydney."

"I will trust Mrs. Warner to look after Sydney just enough and not too much," said Dr. Davenport. "He will get his meals at the Upper School, which is just a short distance from the Warners' house, and he will find a seat assigned to him this afternoon in the schoolroom. The fellows of the fifth form will welcome him as a member, I know, and we shall all do what we can to make his life here pleasant and profitable."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Desmond, rising, "it's all for the best, but I do feel badly at having him so far from home. I think I shall be making trips east now three or four times a year."

"I hope you will," said the rector as he took her hand. "And I believe that on each visit you'll feel easier in your mind about Sydney than you did before."

He escorted them to the taxicab, gave instructions to the driver and bade Mrs. Desmond good-by.

"Please, mother, don't talk to Mr. and Mrs. Warner as if I were in need of a nurse," begged Sydney as they drove away.

"It's just that I want to make sure that you'll be given the best possible care, dear," urged his mother.

"I'll take care of myself all right. I don't need somebody to watch over me. Please don't talk to them about me as you did to Dr. Davenport."

"Why, Sydney, I didn't say anything to Dr. Davenport that you should have minded in the least. And it is so important that there should be some one to see that you don't overdo!"

Sydney murmured an exclamation of impatience. His mother said reproachfully: "Don't speak like that, dear, just when we're going to be separated for so long! And you know it's only your own good that I'm thinking of!"

"Yes, I know, mother. I'm sorry. But I don't want to be fussed over."

"Not even by me, Sydney?" She laid her hand on his and looked at him appealingly. "And when we have such a little time together?"

"Yes, of course, by you." He smiled at her and caught and pressed her hand. "Only not by others. And I'm so afraid you'll make them think that I'm asking for it!"

"All right, dear; I'll try not to say anything that you won't like."

Yet it was hard for Mrs. Desmond to keep her lips thus sealed, especially when she found Mrs. Warner a friendly, sympathetic young woman with two small children whose various illnesses came up quite incidentally as a topic of conversation. It would have been so natural for Mrs. Desmond to introduce then the subject of

Sydney's illness; with a mighty effort of self-control she refrained. Mr. Warner was teaching one of his classes and would not be home for nearly an hour; Mrs. Warner hoped that Mrs. Desmond would stay for luncheon and meet him. It would be time enough for Sydney to start in taking his meals at the Upper School after his mother had gone. As the train on which Mrs. Desmond was returning westward was not to leave until the middle of the afternoon, she accepted the invitation with alacrity. Mrs. Warner left her and Sydney in the room that was to be Sydney's—just across the hall from the children's nursery. "They sleep very quietly at night, and I'm sure they won't disturb him," Mrs. Warner said.

It was a sunny room, simply but attractively furnished; it looked out upon green fields with a slope of woodland beyond. The roadway, with the Upper School on the farther side of it, wound into the picture. Asters and goldenrod were in bloom along the fences; in the woods there were already splashes of brilliant color where maple trees were glowing prematurely; with the noon sun shining, only a faint breeze stirring and no sounds of human activity, the scene suggested a life of the utmost tranquillity. Mrs. Desmond felt reassured; her conception of a boarding school as a place where boys were in constant turmoil, manifesting their superabundant animal spirits in pranks of a violent and mischievous sort, was undergoing revision. She began to wonder whether life at St. Timothy's was really not as idyllic and pastoral as any life open to a seventeen-year-old boy.

"I feel sure you're going to like it here, Sydney," she said as she turned from the window.

"Doesn't seem to be much doing," Sydney

responded unenthusiastically. "I suppose, though, the fellows are all in study."

"It seems to be a very pleasant, quiet place," continued his mother. "A good place for a boy to study."

"I hope they do other things," murmured Sydney. "But I don't see what chance for fun I'll have, living here with one of the masters."

"It will be a great deal better for you than living anywhere else. You'll learn more and—" She checked herself from expressing the thought that was so irritating to her son. "What a nice closet! You'll have plenty of room to put things away here; do be careful of your clothes."

Sydney laughed. "You're bound to have me careful about something, aren't you, mother?"

"Indeed it is a large part of being happy and successful," said Mrs. Desmond. "You may laugh at me, Sydney, but you'll find that boys who are careful are the ones who do well in everything—not just in studies."

"It's all right to be careful, but a fellow has to take some chances or he'd never get anywhere," replied Sydney. "But don't worry, mother; I won't take any chances with my health."

By the time that the bell signifying the end of the morning study had rung Sydney and his mother had unpacked and arranged his possessions. Almost immediately with the ringing of the bell the noon-day stillness was disturbed; the sound of lively voices, the clatter of many feet, made themselves heard; and Sydney, looking out of the window, saw the boys as they emerged from beyond the projecting wing of the house and passed up the road to the Upper School. Some of them were walking leisurely, some were hastening, some were passing a ball back and forth

"So you're to be the new boarder," he said genially

DRAWINGS BY T. VICTOR HALL



while they walked; they all proceeded in groups; no one seemed to be alone.

"I guess they have a pretty good time here," Sydney remarked to his mother. "I hope I can get into the life pretty soon."

"Of course you will," Mrs. Desmond answered. "It isn't all athletics, Sydney."

"No, though I thought it would be once."

His mother put her arm round him and kissed him. She knew vaguely that his physical disability had caused him unhappiness, stoical as he had been about it. Before the illness that had lasted so long and left him unfit to take part in violent exercises he had been the best athlete in the small school that he had attended; his dreams and ambitions had been mainly concerned with prowess on the athletic fields of St. Timothy's and later of Yale. Then had come the long illness that had delayed his entering St. Timothy's by a year, and that had compelled him to readjust entirely his ideas of what he might accomplish. There was no one in the family whom he had made his confidant during the process of readjustment; Mrs. Desmond thought that if his father had been alive Sydney would have turned to him for help and guidance, but she did not wonder that he should regard her and his two young sisters as incapable of understanding his problems. She could not guess that he had many dark moments in which he regarded the doctor's interdict against athletics for a year as merely an evasion of a harsher truth; secretly he thought not only that he should never be able again to take part in the sports that he loved, but even that he might never be able to lead an active and useful life. Perhaps his mother's repeated utterance of warnings to him to be careful confirmed his pessimism. She would not always be watching him so anxiously, nagging him so persistently, he thought, unless the doctors had told her more than they had told him. He had never been querulous or complaining, but a sharpness had begun to manifest itself in his speech that had not characterized it before. When his mother had questioned during his convalescence the wisdom now of sending him away to boarding school he had blazed out at her quite savagely. "Go! Of course I'm going! I wouldn't stay away now for anything!" The doctors had supported his contention that his health would not suffer if he went to St. Timothy's, and Mrs. Desmond had reluctantly yielded. She did not suspect that the reason why he was so determined to go was that he thought that only so could he escape from the atmosphere of invalidism that surrounded him at home.

"How I wish I could stay and see you well started!" Mrs. Desmond said. "We have such a little time together now, Sydney."

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," Sydney answered lightly, drawing her hand up and rubbing it against his cheek. "You and the girls will like me better now that I'm where I can't be snapping at you all the time."

"Not that you ever did. Well, it's settled, and it's best we should get used to it as soon as we can."

"That's right," said Sydney. "No long, lingering good-bys. Let's go down and look round. It must be nearly time to pick up a little food."

When they descended the stairs Mrs. Warner met them with the announcement that luncheon would be ready in five minutes. She introduced her two children, Philip, aged five, and Jane, aged three. Philip immediately began to show off, racing about the room, seizing his sister and putting her down on the floor, causing her to wail at the indignity; then with the remark, "Show you how I can jump," jumping in blithe disregard of his mother's reproaches. At the entrance of his father he quieted down. Mr. Warner was a short, compact, brisk young man; he had curly brown hair and pleasant brown eyes, and as he stood smiling up at Sydney, who was half a head taller, he gave an impression of boyishness in spite of his clipped moustache and decisive manner of speech.

"So you're to be the new boarder," he said genially. "It's very pleasant to have boarders, only they don't usually stay long enough. Just about the time they're beginning to be handy in taking care of the children and doing chores round the house Dr. Davenport manages to find a place for them somewhere else. That's the way it was with Jack Brewster last year, and I suppose that's what we've got to reconcile ourselves to with you."

"I ought to be handy right off," said Sydney. "I've had two kid sisters to deal with since I was old enough to remember."

"I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Warner won't

approve if you use the methods here that you've been accustomed to use at home," remarked his mother.

"I guess if I can handle my kid sisters I can handle anybody," declared Sydney.

"You hear that, Phil," Mr. Warner seized his young son. "You want to be mighty careful how you tease baby or do other naughty things now that Mr. Desmond has come to live with us. I don't know what he might do to you."

But Philip was not intimidated; he laughed impishly up into Sydney's face.

Luncheon was a simple meal during which Mr. and Mrs. Warner waited upon each other and their guests. Their one servant regarded herself as a cook and could not be lured out of the kitchen, even to place the dishes upon the table. There was therefore much getting up and sitting down; it made Mrs. Desmond, who in her well-managed and luxurious house was unaccustomed to such methods, feel rather jumpy. She was glad that Sydney was not to be subjected to meals eaten under such conditions; she was sure that it would be bad for his digestion. And she looked with eyes both commiserating and wondering at the two Warner children, who appeared healthy enough, and who were plodding in a stolid manner through their food.

"I've got a mineralogical walk on for this afternoon," said Mr. Warner as he seated himself after bringing in the apple pie; his wife meanwhile was changing the plates. "So I'm afraid I shall have to say good-bye to you right after lunch, Mrs. Desmond. We

start out on these walks promptly at two."

"What is a mineralogical walk?" asked Mrs. Desmond.

"Oh, once a week we go out to the fields and collect specimens. There's a prize given at the end of the year for the best collection of minerals. We take hammers and have bags slung at our waists, and we're a very scientific expedition, I can tell you. Sometimes we have as many as twenty-five boys and sometimes not more than ten. Anyone may go that wants to. I hope you'll join us some time, Sydney."

"I should like to; thank you very much. But I don't know the first thing about minerals."

"Most of the boys are just as ignorant when they begin. But they learn. Of course the fellows who are active in athletics don't often join us. I think they miss something."

"I think Sydney's idea has been that the boys who are not active in athletics miss everything," remarked Mrs. Desmond.

"Not here. We keep them all busy and interested. We think pretty well of our athletic teams, but we should hate to think that this was just a school of athletic teams."

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Warner with a laugh, "I think a fellow must be a pretty good athlete to go on one of Mr. Warner's mineralogical walks."

"Oh, I give them plenty of exercise; that's part of the fun."

Sydney saw an apprehensive expression resting upon his mother's face and fixed her with a warning look in consequence. The thought that she had been about to utter

escaped her lips only in the form of a sigh.

After luncheon Sydney and his mother had a half hour together in his room before the taxicab arrived to take her to the train. The parting threatened for a moment to be tearful, but Mrs. Desmond, embracing her son, said tremulously, "I'm not going to cry, Sydney; don't be afraid"; and that made him laugh a little tremulously himself while he kissed her.

Mrs. Warner said good-bye to Mrs. Desmond in the hallway; there was no one standing near when Sydney put his mother into the taxicab and gave her the farewell kiss. He stood for a moment gazing after the rapidly receding car and felt unexpectedly alone and forsaken. It never had occurred to him that at his age he should have such a feeling, and, quite ashamed of his weakness, he turned to go into the house. Mrs. Warner was just emerging with a small go-cart in which her daughter was seated; also she was leading Philip by the hand.

"Can't I look after the children for you?" Sydney said politely.

Mrs. Warner laughed. "Mercy me! That would be a dreadful way for you to start in. If I may make a suggestion, why don't you go down to the athletic field and see what's going on? That's as likely a place as any to begin to make acquaintances."

"Yes," said Sydney. "I should like to do that."

She pointed out the road that he was to take, and he started off feeling somehow that it might lead to adventure.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JESS MEETS ADVENTURE

By Marguerite Aspinwall



THE special train carrying the girls of the Allandale Academy to New York City, where they were to separate for the summer vacation, was stalled two hours from its destination. The more adventurous of the girls had slipped down the car steps and were racing

along the hard track bed. The heat and the long-drawn-out tediousness of the journey had subtly relaxed discipline; besides, the teacher in charge of the rear car was ill with a blinding headache.

At last four long warning whistles from the engine announced the start. Laughing and breathless, the girls hastened to scramble aboard again, and those who had confined themselves to the platform, as they were supposed to do, went back to their seats with sighs of relief.

Jessie Dallam had only come out to the platform a minute or two before the warning whistle sounded. She had been deep in a new book about a girl of her own age who was having marvelous adventures. Jessie was the last to turn away from the platform. As she turned her heart seemed to stop its even beating. Several hundred yards away a small, plump figure in a blue-checked dress was bending in oblivious concentration over a stream that ran parallel with the track, and Jess saw with consternation the glint of the afternoon sun on a bright red head. No one who had ever seen that curly red head could mistake it as belonging to anyone except nine-year-old Melinda West, who was at once the school's pet and torment.

In the confusion of the stop Linnie must have wandered off unnoticed and was now lost to her surroundings in some new and fascinating diversion. The special was already moving and in a second or two would have gathered considerable headway.

Jess glanced about her frantically, uncertain what to do. She called for Miss Porter, the teacher in charge of their car, and then desperately for several of her classmates by name, but the noise of the train drowned her voice. Unfortunately, Linnie was on the opposite side of the track from that on which the conductor was looking out. Jess drew a long, frightened breath and then, hatless and coatless as she had run out of the car, sprang down the three steps on the side nearest Linnie, thus losing her final chance of being observed by the trainmen, and dropped as carefully as she could from

the moving train. The speed of the train was greater than she had imagined, and she was flung forward on her knees and elbows on the hard ground. There was a bend in the track some distance ahead, and it seemed to the girl that the train whisked round the curve and out of sight before she had time to get her breath back. She and Linnie West were alone in the most deserted-looking stretch of country she had seen during the entire trip. Of course someone was bound to miss them eventually, but she had no way of knowing how soon. It was a very sober Jess that got painfully to her feet and climbed down the embankment to the meadow below where Linnie and her brook were holding converse together.

"Linnie, you bad, bad girl!" she accosted the unconscious culprit. "Do you realize the train has gone and we're left behind?"

The child lifted a pink and chubby countenance, the angelic fairness of which was slightly marred with long

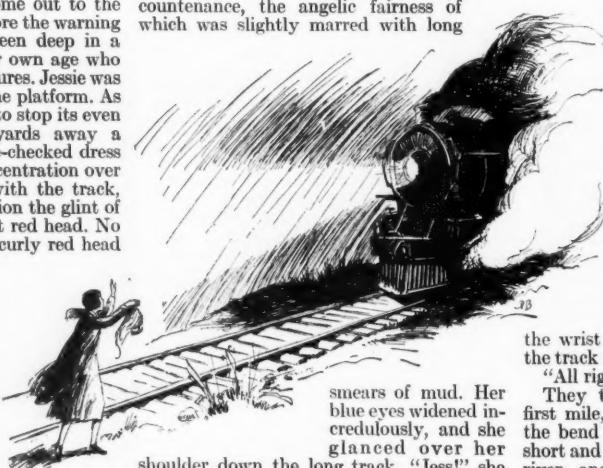
smeared mud. Her blue eyes widened incredulously, and she glanced over her

shoulder down the long track. "Jess!" she gasped. "You—you don't mean they've—gone?"

Jess's anger melted. "Well, there's no use getting scared," she said more calmly. "We'll just have to sit down here on this nice warm log and wait patiently till they come back for us."

"I'm awful sorry, Jess," the child said with engaging contriteness. "I never thought the ol' train would be mended up so quick. Honest I didn't. An' this brook has the darlin'est little fishes in it. Come an' look at them, Jess, while we're waiting."

Jess glanced nervously at her little gold wrist watch on its black ribbon. It was four o'clock. "All right, Linnie," she agreed



absently. Her brain was busy with the problem that she was facing and the responsibility that was hers.

If their absence were discovered within the next few minutes, the conductor might order the train backed to its last stopping place. And of course in any case some one could be sent back at the next town in a car to hunt for them. Miss Benthorn, the principal of the Allandale Academy, was a very different woman from inefficient Miss Porter. As soon as Miss Benthorn took hold of the afternoon's tangle things would begin to happen swiftly; but Jess was afraid that through Miss Porter's helplessness and indecisive muddling the principal might not hear of their predicament immediately.

"I'll give them till five o'clock to come back or send some one," Jess reflected, "but if no one shows up by five, I think we ought to start walking along the track till we come to a station where there's a telephone."

Jess realized just then that neither she nor Linnie had any money with her, and the worried little frown between her eyes deepened. Moreover, Linnie couldn't walk very far, especially along the track, where the walking was hard for anyone at best, and especially for anyone with such short, fat legs as Linnie's.

"Look here, honey," said Jess after another glance at the wrist watch, "we'd better start down the track and hunt our friends up, I think."

"All right," Linnie agreed cheerfully.

They trudged forward bravely for the first mile, which brought them well round the bend in the track. There Jess stopped short and stared in dismay. Just ahead was a river, and the track went across it on a trestle. It would be decidedly risky for two weary girls, one of them handicapped by legs too short to be sure of safely spanning the gaps between the ties, to try to cross the trestle. Besides, there was another danger that Jess refused to risk—that of encountering a train when they were only part way across.

"We're going to leave the track here, Linnie, dear," she said gayly. "We're wasting time on this rough walking. There seems to be a kind of cart track going over that field and through the woods. Let's find out where it goes, shall we?"

The wheel ruts ran in a zigzag fashion across the field. At the far side the path

entered the woods, and, following it, the two girls found the shelter of the trees cool and pleasant. The wood seemed, however, to be extensive, for at the end of twenty minutes of steady walking the girls did not appear to be near the other side. Jess felt her heart sinking.

Then they stepped unexpectedly out of a thick growth of underbrush upon a clearing in the midst of which stood an old one-room shack. Even in the gathering dusk it looked sadly in need of repairs from the sagging porch to the eaves of the ragged roof. Still it was a house and to Jess Dallam's worried eyes the most welcome sight they had beheld in many a day.

"I don't see any smoke coming out of the chimney, Jess," Linnie observed. "Maybe nobody's home."

The same fear had occurred to Jess herself. "Well, we'll soon find out," she said stoutly.

Evidently the latch had failed to catch, for at her first knock the door swung inward. A woman's startled voice called out thickly: "Who's there?"

Jess hesitated on the threshold, for there was about the tone something odd that alarmed her. She spoke timidly, holding Linnie so that the child was forced to stand behind her out of sight of whatever the cabin might contain. "It's two girls who have lost their way and want to ask directions to the nearest town."

There was a pause as if the woman inside were too much astonished to answer, and Jess seemed to hear the loud pounding of her own heart. She wondered whether the woman in the cabin would know that she was frightened.

"Norwich, you mean?" the voice asked less huskily now. "Come in an' set down, an' I'll tell you how to go. 'Tain't far when you've two strong legs."

With a throb of relief Jess decided that the woman sounded kindly, and that perhaps her first hoarseness had been only a cold. So she went in, drawing Linnie with her. It was dark inside, but Jess's blinking eyes finally made out a woman lying on a cot bed in one corner. There was a stove at the far end of the room, and between stove and cot a homemade cradle from which came a low whimpering.

The woman raised herself on one arm and peered intently at her visitors. "Set down, do," she urged them hospitably, but she breathed with a queer, labored sound that made the girl look at her in quick apprehension.

Jess's eyes had now become more accustomed to the dimness, and she could see that the woman was young and had probably once been pretty. Now, however, she was worn and big-eyed, and there were two ominous spots of red on her prominent cheek bones. Ignorant though Jess was of sickness, she was sure that the woman was seriously ill. Instantly her fears departed and were succeeded by pity and an eager desire to be of help.

"I'm afraid you're not well," she said, approaching the cot with soft steps. "Can't I do something for you—get some one? There must be some neighbor who would come to you."

"Yes—yes—neighbors," the woman muttered; the thickness had returned to her voice, and the flush in her cheeks was deepening. She clutched at Jess's arm with thin, work-worn hands. "It ain't a mile, but it might be ten fer all I can do to make it. There's a can of condensed milk on the shelf," she added, raising herself again with sudden feverish energy on her pillow. "I tried to get it an' fainted. He's had nothin' all day—" Her voice trailed off into unintelligible murmurings.

"The milk's on the shelf, you say?" Jess asked brightly. "There, lie still and I'll get some for the baby and for you too."

She prepared the milk at once and let Linnie watch the baby while he drank it. Turning to the woman, she tried without success to get her also to take some.

As Jess worked she tried several times to make the woman understand that she would go to the village for help if she knew in which direction it lay, but only disconnected mutterings and broken sentences, all irrelevant, rewarded her efforts. She did, however, gather from the fragments some hints of a pitiful little history, and her eyes were wet more than once when she listened. There was a good deal about the making of pretty gowns—little murmurs of pleasure over the set of a ruffle or a ribbon that sounded oddly in that poor room. Jess decided that the woman had probably been a seamstress or a dressmaker in her girlhood.



"Yes—yes—neighbors," the woman muttered

Once in a while the rambling talk would break off to call for some one named Charley, evidently her husband. Once she said in a tone that went straight to the sympathetic heart of her young listener: "If only I'd never married him an' come to this!" And later: "I kep' hopin' as how he'd come back to us some day, baby an' me—that's why I stopped on near Norwich. I had to be here, you see." She was talking fast now between quick, panting breaths, and one thin hand reached out and clutched at the arm of the girl beside her. "You see, don't you?" she repeated anxiously. "If he'd come back, I had to be where he could find me. An' last month I wasn't able to work much, an' I got behind in the rent. An' then the post-master, he owned this place out here, an' he said I could come here an' live without payin' for a while if I wasn't scared to be so far beyond town. Only now Charley's dead down in South America. The letter was in the mail for me last week, an' my stayin' on didn't matter."

She broke off and regarded Jess with bright, glazed eyes. "I've been ailin' a long while, but when I'm stronger I'll get back to the dressmakin'," she said eagerly. "Maybe ye'll be needin' some sewin' yerself, miss. If I could get work, I could move to a decent place again nearer folks."

Jess laid a soothing hand on the hot forehead. "If you'll tell me which way the village—Norwich, you called it—is from here, I'll get a doctor for you."

The woman became quiet, but the words obviously had no meaning for her. She closed her eyes and fell into a heavy sleep. Jess returned to Linnie, who, tired of watching the baby, had sunk down on an old chest in the corner. A glance at her and then into the cradle showed the girl that both were placidly asleep.

She returned to the cot and, drawing up a low wooden rocker, sat down beside the sleeping woman. Now that she had leisure to think, her shoulders seemed to ache with the weight of her responsibilities. By leaving the track and getting off into this remote bit of woods she had definitely cut Linnie and herself off from all possibility of being found before morning. Yet what to do she could not see. Night was almost come, and the country entirely strange to her. She realized too that Linnie at least could walk no farther that night. Added to all that, there was the sick woman and her baby. She could not in common humanity leave them there alone.

A moaning at her side brought her back to the more immediate of her difficulties, and she scrutinized her patient's face in the uncertain flicker that the open door of the stove allowed to play in the tiny room. The woman was breathing in gasps, with a labored effort at each short, uneven breath. Jess touched her forehead and one restless hand lying on the shabby coverlid. Both were burning hot.

"I believe she has pneumonia!" Jess whispered in alarm. "She sounds as Mattie Dean did last winter. I've got to get a doctor or she may die. Oh, if I only knew which way to go! She said Norwich wasn't far, but—which way?"

There her glance fell on a lantern on the floor by the stove, and a daring possibility leaped into her mind. "I don't see how I can," she said between set teeth, "but I'm going to try, no matter how scared I am!"

She went to the door and, looking out, discovered with dismay that rain had begun to fall—a light drizzle that had all the penetrating dampness of a thick fog. Closing the door again, Jess hunted quietly about the room until she found hanging on a nail an old coat that was thick and warm. She buttoned it tight about her chin and, lighting the lantern which fortunately was half full of oil, cast an anxious glance at the sleeping Linnie and then let herself out into the darkness.

A sharp wind had sprung up, and it whipped the rain stingingly across Jess's face and eyes, but with the aid of her lantern she found the wheel-rut path and set out along it toward the railway.

It had taken Linnie and herself twenty minutes of fairly brisk walking to cover the same distance, but Jess alone under the spur of her fright and anxiety made it in half that time. The dark blur of the railway embankment ahead was a friendly sight. Breathless and trembling, she scrambled up its cindery side.

From round the neck of her sailor blouse she took her wide red silk handkerchief and wrapped it about the lantern. Then, wet, chilled through and utterly spent, she sat down beside the track to wait. The red light of her transformed lantern told her that the minute hand of her wrist watch had circled the little white face once and was on its second journey before a distant rumble and a glare of yellow light far up the track announced the approach of the train that she had been waiting for. With her heart shaking her slender body with its frightened pounding, she held the red-wrapped lantern straight out before her and swung it in a wide arc as she had seen trainmen do.

On and on came the glaring headlight. The thunder of the wheels was making her dizzy now. Would the engineer see her signal and heed it?

Then two short, sharp blasts came from the whistle, and with a fearful grinding of brakes and scattering of fiery sparks as the wheels slid on the rails the great express came to a slow, protesting halt not a car length from where Jess had stepped aside on to the embankment.

Out of his cab climbed the engineer, and from the cars behind him a conductor and several brakemen, all hastening to the swinging red signal that had halted an express. The group of men stopped in astonishment when they beheld the trembling,

white-faced girl and the lantern in its red handkerchief dress.

"Say, what's this?" demanded the engineer, "Who—"

"I want a doctor," Jess gasped. "There's a woman dying, I'm afraid, back there in the woods. And I—another girl and I got left behind here from the school special, and we don't know what to do for anyone as sick as that. And—and—there don't seem to be any houses or—or people—though she said Norwich was somewhere—and I thought of this. It's to save a life, or I wouldn't have dared—"

The lights and the staring eyes and the long golden row of Pullman windows went out abruptly, and Jess pitched forward in a faint.

"The plucky youngster!" muttered the engineer. "Say, Hanson," he added to the conductor, "this must be one of those lost kids from the Allandale special that they're so hot about all up an' down the line. Go hunt a doctor, one of you; there's bound to be a doctor aboard. We can't hold up this train all night."

Jess came out of her faint to find herself lying on someone's coat with a second coat rolled up under her head. A pleasant-faced, bearded man was bending over her, and his steady, cool fingers were on her pulse. Beside him a middle-aged woman was kneeling on the wet road bed.

"Don't worry about anything, my dear," the woman was saying soothingly. "It's all right. You've been very brave, and now some one else is going to take hold and straighten things out. This is Dr. Arnold, who happened to be on the train, and I'm a nurse. We're both going with you to this sick woman you speak of, and the conductor will send word to your friends from the next station."

And so the express pulled away and left three figures standing on the embankment, with a red lantern at their feet.

"Oh, I can walk now," Jess said in answer to a question from the doctor. "Let's—let's hurry. I'll lead the way with the light."

When the three reached the cabin they found everything exactly as Jess had left it, and, making the girl lie down on the big chest beside the still peacefully slumbering Linnie, the doctor and the nurse prepared to fight for their new patient's life.

In spite of her anxiety Jess fell asleep as soon as her head touched the hard pillow, and she knew nothing more until the sound of hurried knocking on the cabin door and the loud honking of an automobile horn roused her with a start to find Miss Benthom bending over her.

"The conductor of the express you flagged got word to me," the principal was whispering in Jess's ear, holding her close. "Oh, Jess, Jess, what a dreadful night for us all! You shall tell me about it on the way home; I have a motor outside."

"But I've first got to know about—her,"

Jess protested weakly, pointing an unsteady finger toward the cot. "O Miss Benthom, please don't make me leave her like that!"

"Tell me about it now then, dear," the principal said softly.

So once more that night the amazing story was told.

At the end Miss Benthom shut her lips tight with a little shudder. "Can you stay with her for a while?" she asked. Then she rose and handed the doctor her card. "This becomes my care from now on." A glance indicated the bare little room and the sleeping mother and baby. "It will be little enough to finish what one of my girls has begun so bravely. I will see that a check is sent you, and I wish you would let me know

when the woman is well enough to be moved. Jessie thinks she has been a seamstress, and we happen to need one at the school. I shall have her looked up first of course, but if everything is satisfactory I mean to offer the place to her. She can stay with the gardener's mother in the lodge and have the baby with her. Would that please you, darling?" she added with a keen glance at Jess.

"Oh-h, yes!" Jess choked.

Miss Benthom turned back to the nurse. "Are you free to undertake this case? I will be responsible for all expenses," she said. "Thank you—yes, I think I had better take these children of mine away at once. It's midnight, I believe. You will hear from me tomorrow."

Jess glanced down at her wrist watch and saw the two little golden hands pointing to twelve. Only midnight and yet so much crowded into eight short hours! All her life she had wished for such an exciting adventure to befall her as happened to the heroines of her favorite books. And now between four o'clock and midnight more had taken place than she ever wanted to meet in her life again. Adventures were much nicer in stories, for you could shut them up in the book when you got tired.

She settled down snugly in the soft car seat between Linnie and Miss Benthom; a warm coat was about her, and a thick robe tucked comfortably over them all. Wouldn't she have something to tell the girls next

term! She could make it sound awfully thrilling in the telling, but, oh, how glad she was that it was over! She needn't tell what the chauffeur had just been explaining to Miss Benthom—that if it had been daylight Jess could have seen the church steeple of Norwich from the cabin doorway, the distance was so slight. But of course if she had seen it she shouldn't have had the big climax to her adventure. Jess wasn't sure whether she was glad or sorry that she hadn't known. It had been a bad hour as she waited for the train, but then perhaps it was worth it to realize that she had been equal to her big moment. And everything had turned out all right; she gave a contented little sigh and promptly fell asleep.



Wenever fully determined what caused the sudden mortality among the horned cattle at the barn of Jordan Goodall the winter that Ben Murch and Edgar Wilbur were in charge there. Two cows, a three-year-old heifer, a yoke of yearling steers and two other yearlings sickened and died within a day of one another. The farm was newly cleared in the borders of the great woods. Goodall himself was away for the winter. The two boys were there alone at the time, doing the barn chores, and their account of the symptoms was not wholly clear. Some thought the cattle died of a sudden outbreak of pleuropneumonia. Others believed that the stock had been bitten by a mad skunk or a rabid mink at the stream where they went to drink. Still others hinted that they were maliciously poisoned, which necessitates mentioning what might otherwise better be omitted: that Goodall had had trouble with his young wife, who became homesick and left him that fall. A bottle containing "fox pills" had been found near the stream, but we learned subsequently that a hunter who was trapping foxes had left it there.

It is little wonder that Goodall's wife was homesick. The clearing was in the woods at the end of the road, and there wasn't a neighbor within two miles. Scarcely anyone came there, and Goodall himself was out in his new fields hard at work all day. Moreover, neither was more than nineteen or twenty years old. The young woman's home had been in a village eighteen miles away, where she had been accustomed to associate with young people. Of course, having married a pioneer farmer, she should have taken hold and worked with him to make a home for themselves; but she didn't, and she grew lonesome and fretful.

Goodall appears to have done what he could to make her contented. He bought a fine big Newfoundland dog to go about the woods with her and planted a flower garden on the bank of the stream. The rabbits and the deer ate her flowers the first summer. The young husband thereupon set to work and inclosed the garden plot with a row of cedar stakes nine feet high, set so close together in the ground that neither rabbits nor any other animal, small or large, could get inside. He worked three days on that fence.

Nothing sufficed to relieve the girl's lonesomeness. She wanted to make a visit home every week, which of course, since they had only one horse and Goodall needed him for his work, proved very inconvenient. His wife declared, however, that she couldn't and wouldn't live there if she couldn't go and demanded that he buy a buggy and a little sleigh to enable her to drive back and forth. Folks said that her mother at home encouraged her in her request, and that of course made matters worse.

At last one morning the young couple quarreled. When Goodall returned at noon from his work he found the house cold and deserted. His wife had set off for her parents' home on foot, taking the dog with her. Hitching up his wagon, he drove in pursuit, but found that she had reached home and refused to see him. His mother-in-law told

him that he had been treating her daughter cruelly.

Returning alone to his farm, the deserted husband worked on for a week and then drove again to the village where his wife's parents resided, hoping to make up the quarrel with her. But she had gone to visit an older sister who lived in a distant city.

He never saw her afterwards. She applied for a divorce and at last obtained one charging "extreme cruelty"—a charge, however, that no one who knew young Goodall believed true. Such in brief was the story of an unfortunate and perhaps too youthful marriage in adverse circumstances.

Goodall went on alone throughout that season in his efforts to make a farm. But no doubt he was lonesome as well as depressed in mind, and as winter drew on he accepted an offer from an older brother in the Aroostook region to act as foreman for a lumber camp at fifty dollars a month. Folk said he thought that with the ready money thus obtained he might buy a buggy and a pony and thereby induce his discontented wife to return; that was before he heard that she had applied for a divorce.

Be that as it may, he left for the winter and managed to get Ben and Edgar to come to his new farm and care for the stock during his absence of five months. Ben was at that time perhaps fifteen years old and the Wilbur boy, who was a relative of Goodall's, about thirteen. There were pork, potatoes, corn meal and other supplies at the house. One of the cows gave milk, and there was a churn with which they could make butter if they desired. In fact they had the whole place to themselves, and if they took good care of the animals and brought them through the winter all right they were each to have twenty-five dollars. Besides the horned stock there were a horse, two pigs, six sheep and a small flock of poultry. A long aqueduct brought water from a spring to the barn and to the house; the boys had to cover it and watch it carefully to keep it from freezing. Still the work was by no means hard for two boys who were used to backwoods life; there was plenty of time for it and also leisure to ramble in the forest, hunting rabbits, deer and partridges, for Ben had brought his gun. They cut holes too in the ice on the deep pools of the stream to fish for trout. In short they had a pretty good time there, and all went well with the stock at the barn up to the last week of January, when on Tuesday morning they found that one of the cows was frothing, groaning and thrashing about. The animal died that evening. By the next day two others sickened and before the end of the week every horned creature at the barn had died.

The boys were appalled at the calamity; they feared too that Goodall might blame them for lack of care. They walked to their home, seven miles away, to tell

their families, and on Sunday a number of the neighboring farmers visited the Goodall place. It seemed remarkable that the horse and the sheep had escaped.

Since the ground was frozen too hard to bury the cattle properly, the visiting neighbors helped to drag them out of the barn and cover them in snow for the rest of the cold season. They advised the boys to go on caring for the other animals, attending to the aqueduct and protecting the place from trespassing woodsmen until Goodall should return in April. So they decided to remain, though the sight of those mute white mounds in the snow was very disquieting. The boys had heard several of the settlers mention poison, and the thought filled them with dread.

A few mornings later, however, they observed something that put new ideas into their minds. Two foxes had come and dug into the mounds evidently in quest of food; when Ben went out to the barn shortly after daylight he saw them stealing away. After that the boys watched for several nights, and although during the hours of darkness they heard not only foxes but minks and other wild animals near the mounds, they did not get a shot at them.

Then a great scheme occurred to Ben, who like his brother Willis had had some experience in trapping. They had no steel traps but Ben thought they might use the little garden surrounded with the tall stakes to impound and capture foxes, minks and other fur-bearing animals. They would haul the carcasses of the dead, frozen cattle inside it and convert the garden gate into a drop that could be sprung by means of a line leading to it from a window on the back of the house.

The gate was rude but strong and hung on wooden hinges attached to a post. What Ben and Edgar did was to take it off its hinges and rig it so that they could hoist it vertically between guide stakes set on each

side. When it was raised there was an open passage into the garden perhaps four feet wide by five feet high. To disguise the appearance of the trap they stuck little fir trees into the snow on each side of the gateway and round the fence. By means of a button attached to one of the gate posts the gate would drop when the line was pulled and completely close the opening. Wherever they were obliged to use a nail they carefully coated the head of it with lard to smother the odor of iron.

Afterwards they dug the carcasses from the snow and, harnessing the horse, hauled them round to the gateway. The opening was too small to admit the horse, but by dint of hard pulling they succeeded in drawing all seven of the dead animals inside the inclosure. By way of a lure for the hungry fur bearers the boys chopped up bits of the frozen meat and strewn trails of it out at the gateway and off to a distance along the bank of the stream and into the forest. For springing the button to let the gate drop they used Mrs. Goodall's clothes line, which they pieced out with the bed cord from a bedstead in one of the sleeping rooms. The resulting line was almost one hundred feet long.

The inclosure worked much better as a trap than it had as a garden to please a homesick young woman. The two boys had a thrilling time, watching it by night from the back window. Toward the middle of the first night they heard the grit of teeth inside as if foxes were feeding, and Edgar pulled the line. The drop fell, and they heard the animals scurrying round in an effort to get out. In the morning they found to their delight that they had caught two foxes and a mink. Ben shot them through a chink

GOOD FORTUNE FROM BAD

By C. A. Stephens

The animal, growling horribly, ripped out four or five of them and escaped

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD SICHTEL



between the stakes. Owls hovered over the inclosure and were noiselessly flapping in and out of it every night. Coons usually den in hollow trees at that season, but one moonlit evening two of them strayed in, but were able to scale the fence. On a later night another paid the place a visit and fell a victim to Ben's gun.

The boys, who had keenly regretted the loss of Goodall's stock, now hoped that they might trap fur enough to remunerate him in part at least. Ben knew how the pelts of foxes and of minks should be removed and stretched. As fast as the boys trapped the animals they skinned them; later they hung the skins up to cure in the unfinished upper story of the new house.

Bears were now in their winter dens, and nothing had been seen or heard of panthers in that part of Maine for thirty years, but "bobcats,"—the Canada lynx,—of which there seemed to be many thereabouts, gave them a good deal of trouble. Those hungry creatures would steal softly in and then, to use Ben's expression, go out over the top of the fence "like a streak of greased lightning" the instant the drop fell; and so far from being permanently frightened away the same cats would come stealing back before morning—and thus spoil the night for trapping minks or other less "breachy" creatures. Skunks too plagued them a great deal, for to escape the inevitable consequences of molesting the "essence peddlers," as the boys called them, they were obliged to let them come and go as they pleased. A pine marten came in one night, and, though pine martens are famous climbers, it failed to get out. And the next night, as I think Ben said, a fisher, or black cat, came along the stream, and they caught it also.

Toward the last of February another short-legged, dour beast, the like of which they had never seen before, tried to drag part of one of the carcasses out of the gateway. The boys pulled the line, and the drop fell partly on the animal and partly on the carcass. Nevertheless they saw it at daylight just outside the inclosure gorging itself with the frozen meat that lay partly under the drop. It made no attempt to run away, and, stepping quietly out after day dawned, Ben shot it there by the drop gate. Later they identified its skin as that of a carcajou, or wolverine, an animal only rarely seen so far south as Maine.

Near the middle of March, the night after a rain storm that raised a freshet on the stream, a hungry old bear that perhaps water had driven out of its den, came along and, walking into the "garden," began to help itself. They pulled the drop, but when Ben fired at the animal it applied its nails to crevices between the stakes and, growling horribly, ripped out four or five of them and escaped. It took the boys several hours to patch up the breach the bear had made.

The net result of that queer trapping during ten weeks was forty-two skins. Four were foxes, one a "crossed gray," which is considerably more valuable in the fur market than the common red variety, but most of the skins were of minks, which had come along the stream in large numbers after the first rain storm.

Goodall returned home sooner than the boys had expected; they had not looked for him before the middle of April, but he appeared suddenly on one of the last days of March. No letter had been sent to him, and he had not learned of the loss of his stock until after he had reached the railway station and was on his way up to his farm, when some one had hailed him and told him of it. It was on that same day too that he was informed of the divorce proceedings that his wife and her folk had instigated against him. Till then he had probably hoped to induce her to return. Both pieces of bad news reached him at the same time, and he was in a much depressed state of mind as he arrived at what he had planned to make his home.

The boys were soundly sleeping at the time; their nights were so much occupied in watching the "garden" that they often slept during the day. They heard him moving about at the barn, however, and went hastily forth to see who had come.

"Boys, what was it? What do you think ailed them?" was Goodall's first sorrowful question.

Ben and Edgar related all they knew concerning the strange illness of the animals and told him of the numerous surmises they had heard, including that about poison.

Goodall smiled ruefully. "I dare say my mother-in-law hates me," he said. "Still I cannot believe that she or Grace would do such a thing as that to me!"

He went into the house, glanced sadly

round and sat down looking wholly disheartened. "It's no use, I guess, for me to expect ever to have anything in this world," he continued bitterly. "Everything goes against me, everything!"

The boys exchanged glances. "Come upstairs," said Ben, opening the chamber door. "We've got something to show you." Leading the way to the loft, he pointed to the long row of peltries. "We've got so much for you anyway," he said. "Don't that look pretty good?"

Valued according to the prices then paid for furs, there was fully three hundred dollars worth in the long row of skins that hung

from the rafters. To judge by what cattle were then worth, the dead animals would hardly have fetched more than two hundred.

"But how and where did you trap all that fur?" Goodall exclaimed, astonished.

"In your wife's flower garden," replied Edgar, laughing. "Just you come out and see it."

Thereupon they led him to see the drop gate and showed him the piles of now well-picked bones within the inclosure.

"Well, well," he muttered. "Little did I think when I made that garden that it would ever raise such a crop of furs as this! More'n fifty times since I've said I was a fool to do it,

but I guess now that it was a good investment after all!"

Goodall wished to give the boys a third of what the fur afterwards brought, but Ben said: "No, I guess you've had bad luck enough for one year. All we want is the twenty-five dollars you were going to pay us."

Goodall's subsequent life is no part of this story of good fortune from bad, but we may add that he plucked up courage to go on with his farm and that some years later he married again, this time a farmer's daughter, and lived very happily with her there and prospered abundantly.

THE BUSINESS OF FLYING

By James Sharp Eldredge



HAT does it feel like to fly?" is one of the most frequent questions that an aviator hears. And if he is in the business of flying for a livelihood, he is likely to wipe the oil off his face and reply:

"It's not so bad. Sometimes it's worse than others."

That is true to a certain extent. Men who fly steadily regard the fascinating business as a routine.

"Is it hard to fly? Doesn't it take a lot of nerve?"

Your aeroplane pilot will probably shake his head and answer that question something like this: "Almost anyone who is in good physical shape and possesses good eyesight and normal reactions can fly under favorable conditions."

That is also true. I have seen youngsters in their teens who could handle a plane cleverly, and one of the most astonishing sights I ever witnessed was a man of nearly seventy "stunting" a machine with all the enjoyment of a pursuit pilot. But to fly under all sorts of conditions and over all kinds of country, to be under varying strains and accomplish missions regardless of wind or weather, requires instant reactions, muscular coordination of the highest degree, physical endurance and nerve. By "nerve" I mean the ability to reach decisions quickly in places where lives hang in the balance and to follow a decision to a successful conclusion. Some people call it courage. That is why the requirements for the army and the air-mail pilots are so high; nerve is the stuff that Lieutenants Maughan, MacReady, Kelly, the officers of the globe-encircling flight and scores of others who follow the air are made of.

In anticipating my first ride in an aeroplane I thought of everything except the way it actually did feel. My first sensation as the pilot opened the throttle wide was of the unearthly noise of the motor, the rush of air and the way the machine bumped over the ground as it gained speed. Then the bumping stopped, and we seemed to be hanging easily. I looked down and saw the ground twenty feet below reeling back at an incredible rate. I looked at the pilot in the cockpit ahead and straightway concluded that he was a careless fellow and had no business in an aeroplane. For he was loling in his seat as if he were at a club, and his jaws were moving rhythmically; he was chewing gum!

Chewing gum when I felt that death might come at any moment! Then he banked the

plane. The varnished wings tipped up, up. I sat very still, scarcely daring to breathe, and watched as the earth for the first time in my experience tipped up on its side. After that I made a mistake and looked down the vertical wing to a fence post in a wheat field that was spinning round crazily. It did not seem right. Something, I told myself, was bound to happen. I stole a glance at the pilot and was amazed to find him still chewing gum. Then the stick in my cockpit moved gently,—it was a dual-control training plane, and the controls in both cockpits worked together,—and we were level again.

Up to that moment I had not dared to move; now I ventured to shift my position slightly, expecting the plane to lose its balance. But it did not. I moved farther and even leaned against the side. The plane remained as steady as a rock. It gave me a feeling of confidence that I have never lost.

Then I forgot everything in my interest in the scene below: the great square flying field with its row of red-roofed hangars and the multitude of planes circling like bees round a hive; the marvelously colored map of the fields and vineyards of California and the snow-capped peaks in the far distance. Another plane seemed to materialize, coming directly for us. It banked and whisked by. Far over to the right a dusky blur took the shape of Sacramento and as we climbed higher revealed a sea of roofs and ribbonlike roads. I had picked out the fair grounds and the dome of the capitol when the roar of the motor suddenly ceased, and I glanced up to find that the pilot was looking back and regarding me with a smile.

"You take her," he shouted above the singing of the wires and opened the throttle again.

I gingerly grasped the stick and put my toes on the rudder bar. But there my troubles started. An air bump knocked one wing up. I slammed the stick over to correct for it, as I had been told to do, and my action rolled the ship up on the other side. The stick was the most sensitive thing I had ever touched. It was uncanny. It seemed that I had only to look at it to make the ship do something. The nose went up too high, and the pilot motioned it down. I shoved forward on the stick, and we went into a dive. A vineyard came rushing up at us. Thereupon I yanked hastily back, and the nose promptly pointed heavenward. For a moment or two the antics of that plane put the worst bucking broncho to shame as I fought to keep the wings level and put the nose on the clear line of the horizon, where it belonged. I finally succeeded, sweating from every pore.

But I had forgotten about the rudder, and the plane began to skid. There ensued more antics in which the tail wigwagged like a scurrying trout. Finally I steadied it, and then I noticed the pilot; he was facing half round and laughing at me! It startled me so much that I temporarily forgot my troubles and managed to hold the ship on a wobbling course without slipping over the entire sky.

And when the breath-taking rush to earth was over and we had landed, the pilot, who was from Mississippi, turned



I sat very still, scarcely daring to breathe

round and told me I had done "right well." I worshipped him, that man who could chew gum and laugh while a perspiring beginner put his ship through more stunts unintentionally than he could have put it through on purpose.

Within a week he "soloed" me; that is, sent me round the field by myself. Such is the way of flying.

In the army instruction is carried to a high point. The most important thing is to help the student gain confidence in himself. After that come the mechanical details of flying.

Flying instructors are as a rule carefully picked, and many of them are excellent practical psychologists. It generally requires from four to eight hours of instruction before a man is allowed to solo. After that he flies with his instructor half the time so that he can be assigned new work and his progress checked for faults. It takes approximately from fifty to seventy-five hours of primary instruction to finish a pilot. Then he goes to an advanced school where he learns the finer points of military work such as photographing, aeroplane radio communication, bombing and pursuit work and allied subjects.

It is generally at the end of perhaps fifty hours that a student pilot acquires what in the language of aviation is known as "the feel of the ship." That in brief means that he can run his machine subconsciously and without definite effort, that he knows by the way it sounds how the motor is running, and that from the way the plane and the controls feel he can tell nearly to a mile what his speed is. It includes a dependable judgment of altitudes, angles and distances that is invaluable in case of forced landings in difficult circumstances. In short the student can take care of himself almost anywhere.

The actual running of a plane is simple. Leaving out the mechanical details, the aeroplane of today—unless it is one of the larger bombing planes—is generally



And my wife joins
me, and we
speculate on who
is piloting it



equipped with a stick in the centre of the cockpit that is connected with the ailerons at the wing tips and with the elevating planes at the tail. The rudder connection is on the floor and is operated by the feet. The controls work instinctively; that is, they move in the way the plane is desired to go. The motor controls are on the left side. In some of the larger planes that have more than one motor and that are equipped with radio the pilot has as many as twenty-five instruments and controls to watch and manipulate. He is kept fairly busy. But the fundamental process is the same.

In the air the controls feel alive and vibrant. They are somewhat like the reins of a spirited horse. The ship, especially if it is a scout, responds to the slightest pressure of the fingers. And yet on some days when the air is hot and rough it keeps a pilot busy holding his machine level.

Making turns requires some practice, because stick and rudder have to be used together and coördinated, or else a skid or a sideslip will result; and when a plane skids it goes in a hurry. In vertical banks, which to a layman make the plane appear to be hanging on its side in the air without visible means of support, centrifugal force and air pressure hold the machine in place. Vertical banks are really horizontal loops. Here is an interesting thing: when the wings are banked more than forty-five degrees the function of the controls is changed. The elevators become the rudder and pull the nose in a horizontal circle, and the rudder, because of the vertical position of the ship, performs the function of the elevating planes. To make vertical banks successfully requires much practice.

Landing a plane is a difficult manoeuvre; to do it right requires skill and sound judgment. The plane approaches the ground at a high rate of speed and must be held just above the surface until its speed drops to the minimum; it settles at a speed of from thirty to sixty miles an hour, depending on the make. A nice touch is necessary to bring a plane in.

When done under favorable conditions and with sufficient altitude stunting is not so dangerous as people believe. A man can be taught to loop in half an hour, and as a rule never more than a few hours are spent in teaching a student his acrobatic flying. Stunting requires speed and altitude. With sufficient height a plane can recover from almost any kind of fall barring an actual failure of the structure of the plane itself, and that occurs so rarely as to be negligible. Every aeroplane is constructed to withstand several times the strain of normal flying.

Combat flying is not all stunting. In the war the best combat pilots were those who could handle their planes exactly and instantly, turn in the shortest space and not lose altitude. In many of the stunts the plane is temporarily out of control and that in an air combat is poor tactics. Some people have compared combat flying to boxing. There is much feinting and sparring, and when a blow is struck it must be straight and true.

Everyone who is interested in flying has

heard of the tailspin—"the dreaded tailspin," as many newswriters like to call it. It is not so dreadful as it seems. Years ago when flying was still in its swaddling clothes the spin was not understood and acquired a bad name. Its danger lies in its taking from two to four hundred feet, according to the kind of plane, to recover from it. When a plane is permitted to spin at less than the altitudes mentioned a crash is extremely probable. Accidents of that nature generally occur to inexperienced pilots, almost never to old hands, for there is little need for a ship to spin.

A tailspin starts from a stall. Aeroplanes have what is termed a minimum flying speed—a speed at which their lift overcomes their weight. Above that speed they are always under control, but if the speed drops below the minimum they will settle suddenly. "Stall," or "fall off on a wing," is what the aviators call it. That in itself is nothing, for, if the motor is opened wide, or if in a glide the plane is allowed to dive for a short distance in order to recover speed, it will again be under control.

If nothing is done to prevent the stall, however, and the controls are carelessly or intentionally put into the wrong position, a tailspin will result. When the control stick is pulled all the way back and the rudder pushed far over to either side the ship will spin or drop earthward, with the wings whipping round corkscrew fashion. To recover from a tailspin the controls are placed in neutral. The ship stops spinning of its own accord and goes into a dive. Then by pulling back on the stick, the pilot can bring it level again. It is simple, but learning to come out of a spin cost many men their lives in the early days of flying. Owing to the peculiar position of the controls—when the stick is drawn back to raise the nose and the ship does not respond—a beginner sometimes loses his head. There are other ways of coming out of a spin, but they depend on that fundamental way of centralizing the controls.

Unlike safety in an automobile, which is dependent on the slowness of travel, the airman finds his safety in speed; by always keeping a safe margin over his minimum flying speed, he has his plane under exact control. "Speed means control" is dinned into the man who flies from the time his foot first strikes the flying field, and he always remembers it.

Night flying is an interesting phase of aviation. The danger of course is the possibility of motor failure and the resultant forced landing in the dark. The actual sensation of flying at night is glorious. With a great round moon for company and thousands of lights like jewels set in a velvet cloak below, it is fascinating to sit aloft on a summer night. As one man said after his first nocturnal flight, "I never was a hand for poetry, but hanged if I couldn't sit up there and make some up!" Night flying is weird too. The roaring motor sings a song, and the blue stream of the exhaust, invisible in the daytime, belches

back on either side of the cockpit almost to the tail. The air at night, except in storms, is much steadier than in the daytime; a well-rigged plane will fly for minutes at a time without a touch of the controls. In storms, however, when lightning flashes, and the raindrops strike the pilot's face like bullets, when clouds obscure the ground, and there is only the compass to depend on, your pilot earns every cent he receives and more.

A common question that arises is: "Does altitude make you dizzy?"

I have known few cases where the altitudes attained in a plane brought vertigo to the extent that looking down from an earthly eminence will bring it. The only explanation that presents itself to me is that in the case of the aeroplane there is nothing to compare the altitude with, as there is when you stand at the top of a tall building. Personally in several years of flying I never felt the slightest uneasiness on that score, but even now when at the top of a tall building I am glad to step back from the edge.

Another question often heard is: "What does it feel like to be wrecked?"

That will bring forth as many answers as there are men who fly, but they will all admit that they do not particularly like the sensation. I had my share of hard luck, but the memory of my first wreck, along

with my first ride, is still the most vivid of all.

In the days when I was learning to fly there was what was called a "primary cross-country stage," or department of instruction, in the big school. Our work was to leave the main field and make a circuit of about twenty miles, landing in a dozen or more selected fields to gain experience in handling the plane under varying conditions. At that time aviation was in its heyday, and the good people of the Sacramento valley were kind indeed to the fledgling aviators, for at every outlying field people with good things to eat would greet the cadets as they landed.

On that particular morning I was satiated. At one place I had lent my best efforts to devour a chocolate cake, and at another gorged myself with fruit. At the last field, before returning to the aerodrome, I stopped to pick up an instructor. He was short in stature, and as he approached the ship I stared, for he was staggering under the weight of one of the biggest watermelons I had ever seen. From the front it looked as if the melon itself were walking!

"Oh, boy!" he said as he drew near. "I'm going to give the mess a treat."

He climbed into the front cockpit, and I managed to hand the melon to him. After I had taken my position in the rear all I could see was the top of his helmet and the upper part of the watermelon. It had eluded him, so to speak.

We had covered part of the distance to

the aerodrome when the motor failed suddenly,—there was a bit of dirt in the carburetor, as we afterwards found,—and I glided into a handy grain field to land. It was a good landing, and I was congratulating myself when just after the plane settled to earth the wheels dropped into an overgrown ditch. The ship nosed up and flopped over on its back with a crash. My nose smacked forward against the cowl, bringing tears as well as blood, and after what seemed a long time, but what in reality was only a few seconds, I found myself hanging head downward with the ground about six inches below.

"Lieutenant!" I gasped as I unstrapped the safety belt and started to wriggle out. "Are you alive?"

"Yes," came in muffled and disgusted accents, "but the watermelon's ruined. Confound it!"

Flying is an interesting, fascinating business and never loses its hold. To tell all about it would take a volume. Once I quit and proudly declared I was a "has been" and never wanted to see a plane again. Now after a comparatively short time when a plane drums overhead I dash for the lawn and watch it open-mouthed. And my wife joins me, and we speculate on who is piloting it and where he is bound, and as the machine becomes a speck in the distance I regretfully turn back, wondering what the pilot is going to see and wishing that I could be with him to find what lies beyond the elusive horizon.

A BROKEN STIRRUP LEATHER

By
Hugh F. Grinstead



ARCH and April after the hard winter of '83 were busy months for the riders on the Toiyah range. Many of the cattle, weakened by starvation, became mired in the river and in the shallow lakes where they went for water. If not released in a few hours, the poor beasts usually perished or were devoured by wolves.

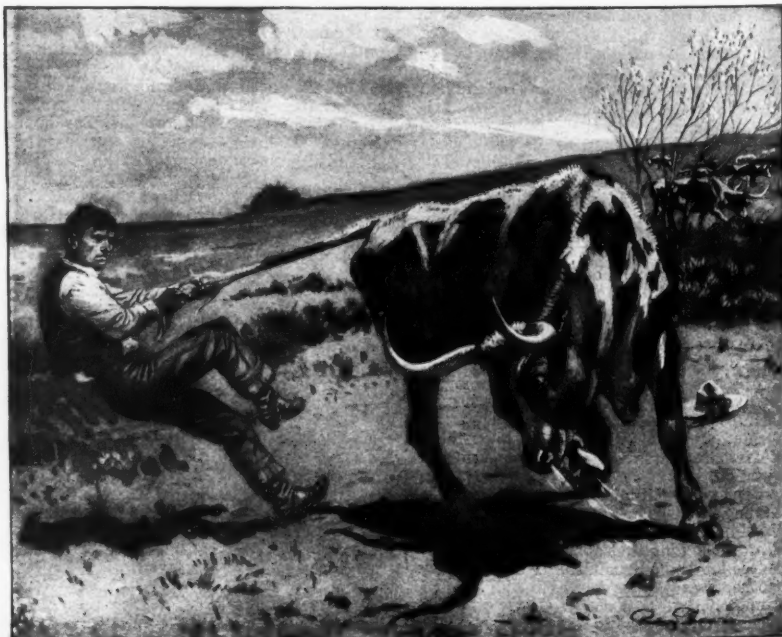
Every day Leck Gifford and Tobe Massey rode two miles up the creek from the ranch and then out to the string of miry water holes, which for want of a better name were called Long Lakes. The two made a daily circuit of a dozen miles, and often they pulled fifteen or twenty unfortunate animals from the bog. A rope round the horns and a few tugs from the sturdy horses brought the

beasts to solid ground. The cowboys then drove them toward the hills away from danger.

One warm day about noon the riders came upon a big spotted steer fast in the oozy mud. The animal was by no means weak, but it had ventured too far into the water and was stuck in a pocket of waxy clay that held like putty. The riders soon had their ropes over the long horns, but it took the combined efforts of the strong range horses and the struggles of the steer to overcome the grip of the mud.

When the animal finally staggered out upon the grassy bank its tongue was lolling and its eyes were bloodshot. Plainly the steer was in a fighting mood. With the two ropes about its horns, however, it had no chance to charge either of the horses. Leck kept his rope tight as he rode forward while Tobe urged the sulky steer on from behind. Thus

The steer seemed determined to reach its foe by whirling in a circle



they came up with the other cattle that they had started on toward the hills.

Only after they had thrown the big spotted brute did the cowboys succeed in removing the ropes from its horns. When it got to its feet it made a feint at charging one of the horses, but stopped after taking a few steps. An angry range animal is ready enough to attack a man on the ground, but it will not often charge a horse.

When the longhorn had trotted off toward the other cattle the two men thought that their troubles with the obdurate beast were at an end. They had not gone far, however, when the animal ran into a thicket of sand plums and refused to budge from the scanty shelter.

In vain the horsemen beat the brush on all sides and threw missiles. Finally Leck tried an old trick of the range. Riding up in full view of the steer, he dismounted, taking care to keep his left foot in the stirrup and a firm hold on the saddle horn. The sight of a man on the ground, apparently challenging him, goaded the beast to madness. With a snort of defiance it plunged out from the scrubby thicket. Leck whistled to his horse and swung easily into the saddle, and the steer, discovering that it could not reach its wily tormentor, trotted on with the herd.

Twice again Leck enticed the spotted longhorn from thickets of wild plum where it had sought refuge from the heat and the flies. The next time it took to the brush it seemed determined to remain there, but the cowboy untied the red cotton handkerchief from his neck and waved it in the face of the wary animal. Provoked beyond endurance, the longhorn rushed toward Leck. Without waiting for a signal, the impatient horse sprang forward as he felt the weight of his rider on the stirrup. The cowboy was half-way to his seat in the saddle when *snap!* went the half-rotten stirrup leather!

Leck, who had most of his weight on the stirrup, dropped to the ground like a log. He fell partly under his horse, and the frightened animal sprang over him and galloped away across the prairie.

As the range rider struck the ground he realized instantly that he was in grave peril. Tobe was several hundred yards away riding round some stragglers of the herd. Scarcely fifteen yards off and bearing down on him with terrific speed, came the infuriated steer.

Seeking refuge in flight seemed hopeless, for within miles there was not a tree large enough to hold a man. But that was the only thing to do. As Leck scrambled to his feet and involuntarily started to run he glanced hastily round him. Twenty feet to his right he caught sight of a little gully, scarcely two feet wide; the ground sloped somewhat, and the rains of many winters flowing through an old cattle trail had cut it for a short distance to a depth of three feet.

Leck was little more than a second in reaching this questionable refuge. He dropped down and rolled to the bottom of the gully as the steer sprang over him.

The cowboy hoped that the longhorn would leave when it failed to gore him in its first mad charge, but as the beast whirled and came back Leck saw that he had underestimated its rancor.

Dropping to its knees, the steer began dipping first one horn and then the other into the depression in an effort to pierce the prostrate man. But by scrambling back and forth Leck avoided the thrusts. Failing to reach the cowboy, the angry steer leaped quickly to the other side of the ditch, and Leck felt on his face its moist breath and flakes of foamy slobber as it again dropped to its knees at the brink of the gully.

The man lay on one side with his head turned so that he could see his assailant. The steer was pawing at the edge of the ditch, and as the cowboy watched the loose earth and gravel raining down from the side he realized that his chance of escape was very small. A little more and the animal would slide down upon him. His only hope seemed to lie in Tobe; but Leck knew that, even if his companion had seen his plight, he would not have time to come to the rescue before the steer had made the narrow ditch untenable.

Already Leck detected a trembling of the earth as the steer threw its weight nearer the edge of the gully. A tuft of soil fell in, and the loose dirt cascaded down in sandy

streams. At that moment the big steer again rose to its feet and backed off a few steps. The cowboy knew that when the brute made another lunge and dropped on its knees at the edge of the ditch the bank would cave in. Then the long horns would reach their mark!

Anything would be better than being crushed and gored in that place, and the cowboy rose to his elbow, ready to leap up and take his chances in the open. Then his glance fell upon the red cotton handkerchief, which he was still clutching tightly in his hand, and a happy thought came to him—though it was only a plan to delay the brute in its murderous charge.

Even as the steer poised for its charge Leck, working with flying fingers, pushed one corner of the red cloth under the band of his broad-brimmed hat. Then he tossed the hat with its flaming streamer into the air so that it fell seven or eight feet from the ditch on the side opposite the steer.

With a lumbering dash the great beast instantly cleared the ditch and lunged at the red rag. To the man lying prostrate in his narrow refuge there was a momentary flash of tawny brown as the animal passed over, and then almost within reach dangled the steer's tail with its curling switch of dirty, white hair.

Leck had thought only to gain a temporary respite; but now another plan flashed into his mind.

Many times he had handled a cow for several minutes and prevented her from making headway by getting a firm hold on her tail and keeping her swinging first to one side and then to the other.

Instantly Leck was on his feet, for he knew that the steer would turn on him again after one thrust at the hat. The madly switching tail was already beginning to move farther away as the longhorn turned. With a spring the cowboy grasped the switch and immediately was jerked off his feet, but his hundred and sixty pounds were not to be reckoned lightly. The steer found itself checked in its effort to turn.

The cowboy feared a sudden dash that might break his hold and leave him at the mercy of the brute; but for a few moments the steer seemed determined to reach its foe by whirling in a circle. Then as if with a sudden determination the animal bolted straight out across the prairie.

Taken unawares, the man had no chance to give the quick sidewise jerk that would check the speed of the steer, but he held on grimly. Throwing his weight backward, he took long steps as he raced at the tail of the animal.

The pace soon became too fast for the cowboy, and when the animal took him through a bunch of prickly pear he almost lost his hold. Then as if with a definite purpose the steer cleared a "devil's pincushion" as large as a bushel basket. Leck tripped and could not regain his footing, but he managed to hold on.

As he went down he caught a glimpse of Tobe riding furiously toward him; but he was afraid that the steer would shake him off and turn on him before help arrived. His hands were scratched and bleeding, and his clothes were almost stripped from his body. At the steer's every bound its rattling hoofs came within a few inches of the cowboy's face, and to add to the peril other cattle were running toward the strange spectacle and bellowing wildly.

Suddenly Leck's head struck a maguey cactus; he lost his hold and lay for a moment half stunned and unable to move, though he realized that range cattle were trotting toward him from all directions and that thirty feet away the spotted steer was swinging back toward him in a circle. Too much spent to get to his feet, Leck closed his eyes and waited for the end. The next instant he heard a familiar "Yip! Yip!" and the sound of galloping hoofs as in a whirl of dust Tobe rode between him and the charging steer.

One taste of the rope had been enough for the old steer, and with a derisive toss of its gleaming horns it whirled and raced off with the other cattle.

"Guess I'll have my old shell covered with new leather, specially stirrup leathers, next time I go to Pecos," Leck remarked quietly a few minutes later as he was binding up his lacerated hands and picking the cactus spines from his flesh.



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON



Helen had only herself to blame

AND she knew it. It was a bitter thought as she watched the merry crowd on the way to the party. Dot and Marie, and jolly Tom Davis, and . . . and Bob! That was what hurt! Bob, captain of the high school team, and quite the nicest boy in town. Always Helen's own especial cavalier. And going to the big party of the year with Dot!

But parties aren't for sick girls, and Helen wasn't well. She had had to say no when Bob asked her to go. So he was taking Dot. Deep in her heart, Helen couldn't blame him. Nevertheless, it hurt!

Helen had always been a healthy girl. She had been unusually free of headaches and kindred ills. She had taken good health for granted—and grown careless! Girls often do. They disregard the importance of getting the proper sleep—of fresh air and exercise. They eat unwisely. They drink coffee and tea without realizing the damage they are doing to their systems.

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The average cup of coffee contains from 1½ to 3 grains of caffeine. Caffeine is a drug! It irritates the nervous system. It robs energy from the body's reserve strength. How often it results in headaches and upset digestion! And you know what that means! Sallow, lifeless complexions—the lustre gone from bright eyes.

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plainly written and illustrated First Aid instructions, and a compact kit of sterile First Aid dressings, so each may learn, by practice, the things to use and how to use them in caring for common everyday cuts and bruises.

Parents are invited to send enrollments for each child in the family. Send 12c for each—and a separate First Aid outfit will be sent to each child.

The cooperation of parents in the work and objects of the Junior First Aid Legion, particularly in reading the *First Aid Lessons* to their children, may save serious accident-consequences in thousands of families and reduce the menace of infection throughout the land. *Simply sign and send the coupon with 12c in stamps.*



Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC



BOYS • AND • GIRLS • FIRST AID • WEEK • APRIL 25 to MAY 2

500 \$10 Gold Pieces to the 500 Juniors who perform best First Aid Service in 1925

BOYS AND GIRLS: Do you know that it is a very risky matter to touch an open cut or scratch with soiled hands or an unclean cloth?

Even the tiniest wound may become a serious injury if dirt and infection get into it.

Anything that comes in contact with a wound must be clean. Clean, as your doctor knows the word—which means "germ-free" or sterile.

When you get a cut or wound, do not cover it with a handkerchief. For even a freshly washed handkerchief may not be "germ-free." Water itself is not always sterile.

4 First Aids for a Cut or Wound

First, sterilize the wound with an Iodine Swab.

Second, cover it with a piece of Sterile Gauze, being careful not to let the fingers touch the side of the gauze which goes over the wound.

Then put a soft and downy Gauze Bandage over the gauze, to protect the wound from rubbing and pressure.

And finally, fasten the dressing with Adhesive Plaster to hold it in place.

First Aid knowledge should not be confined to grown-ups alone. For in boy-life and girl-life, Accident often comes when Grown-ups are not within immediate reach.

Founded on Scout Ideals

We've taken a leaf from the creed of the Boy Scouts of America in organizing the Junior First Aid Legion.

You know the two big hobbies of the Scouts. Preparedness and doing good things for others.

Every boy or girl should be prepared for accidents—even little scratches and bruises. Not just for self-help alone. But

to be able to give First Aid to a comrade, when he is suddenly hurt and neither parents nor the doctor are near.

That's why we're inviting you to join the Bauer & Black Junior First Aid Legion. First, so you can learn, through the First Aid Lessons sent to every member, just what to do in any accident emergency, when medical or other adult help cannot be reached.

And second, so you can become acquainted with the right First Aid dressings and materials for safe First Aid application.

500 Awards to Boys and Girls

To promote the study of First Aid by Boys and Girls, Bauer & Black will give \$5000.00 in cash awards to the boys and girls who perform the best First Aid in 1925. The award to be divided into 500 ten dollar gold pieces.

500 Boys and Girls will each get one of these ten dollar gold pieces. With your First Aid Kit, we will enclose some Accident Report Sheets. Whenever you do a First Aid service for any friend, write it down on the report blank (or use any sheet of paper if you are not a member of the Legion). Your



doctor, school teacher or druggist must approve it, before it is mailed to us.

The 500 boys and girls who, in the opinion of the Award Judges, render the best First Aid in 1925, will each get a ten dollar gold piece. Any boy or girl may compete for one of these awards whether a member of the Legion or not.

Praise from Eminent Authorities

In all parts of America, public-spirited authorities, interested in boy- and girl-welfare, are enthusiastically endorsing the plan of the Junior First Aid Legion. Uncle Dan Beard, Staff Commissioner of The Boy Scouts of America, writes:—"The Junior First Aid Legion to teach boys and girls how to give First Aid in the emergency—when adult help is not available—is a splendid idea. Many trivial accidents result in serious consequences when not given First Aid. Every boy and girl in the land should be glad to study the Bauer & Black course of instruction in First Aid. First Aid is one of the things we emphasize in Boy Scout work."

And Dr. F. J. Monaghan, the Health Commissioner of New York City, says: "You are doing a big fine work in organizing the children into First Aid Classes. If children knew what to do when accident comes, or if today's full grown men and women had been taught First Aid when they went to school, you'd see fewer people in hospitals."

Join Now—Only 12c

To join the Legion, simply send the coupon below with 12c in stamps. Mail to Bauer & Black—or if you prefer you may enroll at your local druggist and he will forward to Bauer & Black.

By return mail, you'll get the course of First Aid Instruction and the attractive little First Aid Kit.

Today is always the best day to do a worthy thing. So may we suggest that you mail in your membership coupon now or have your druggist do it for you?

Awards Will Be Made by a Committee of Nationally Known Men

ANY boy or girl, unless connected directly or indirectly with Bauer & Black, is eligible to compete for one of the 500 ten dollar gold pieces to be awarded for the best first aid service rendered in 1925. But to receive consideration, reports must be in the hands of Bauer & Black, Chicago, on or before December 31st, 1925. Awards will be mailed March 1st, 1926.

MAIL YOUR ENROLLMENT NOW!

(or, if you prefer, enroll through your druggist)


MEMBERSHIP COUPON	
BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Illinois.*	
I'd like to join the Junior First Aid Legion. Send full First Aid instructions and the Junior First Aid kit. I enclose 12c.	
Name	Address
Town	
Druggist's Name	
* If in Canada address Bauer & Black, Limited, 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada.	

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Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC





If I Were a Fairy

If I were a fairy,
I would weave a
cloth
Of cobwebs and
moonbeams
And dandelion froth.

I'd spread it on a mushroom
That should be my table,
Where I'd place a honey-cruse
With a wild rose label



And cream from a milk-
weed
In a buttercup;
Then when all was
ready
I would sit and sup,

Pouring honey over
A sauté silver fish,
Drinking clotted yellow cream
From an acorn dish.

Ethel Romig Fuller

TONY, THE LITTLE FRUIT MAN

By Charlotte E. Wilder

TONY was an Italian boy whose father kept a fruit stand at the corner near the school. There were cracks along the edges of his old shoes, and when it was cold he shivered in his thin coat; but he was the jolliest boy in the school. When the other boys laughed at him because he had a hole in his coat he put his finger through it and wiggled it, so that it looked like a man, nodding his head.

"Do it again," the boys shouted, and the little girls crowded round to see Tony's trick.

One day all the children came to school early, because Tony had promised to teach them a new game. They waited and waited in the playground, but Tony did not come. Finally the bell rang, and they had to file into the class room feeling much disappointed.

The teacher called the roll, and when she called Tony's name and no one answered she looked up in astonishment.

"Does anyone know why Tony is not here?" she asked.

No one knew. The morning seemed twice as long as usual, for everyone missed him. Finally the bell for recess rang, and the children hurried out to the playground.

"Let's go over to Tony's father's fruit stand and see what's the matter," said one of the boys. "Maybe he's gone to the country."

Three of them ran out of the gate into the street and on toward the corner. When they reached the sidewalk opposite the fruit stand they stopped and stared. There behind the counter was Tony. He was munching a pear and shining up the apples with a flannel rag.

They whistled, but he went right on rubbing the fruit and piling it up in heaps just as if it were his store and he were the

manager. The boys walked across the sidewalk and stood in a row in front of him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked with a solemn face, pretending that he did not know them. "Nice, juicy oranges. Three for a dime. Nice, ripe peaches. Just picked off the trees."

"What are you doing here?" asked Billy.

"Keeping the store," said Tony, and he began to dust the shelves. Then he broke into a laugh. "Do you want to come in?" He opened a tiny door in the side of the booth, and the boys squeezed inside, although it was a tight fit.

"You see," Tony went on, "my father had to go on an errand this morning, and he left me in charge. That's why I couldn't go to school."

"Have you sold anything?" asked Billy, and "How long are you going to stay?" asked Bobby, both in the same breath.

"Yes. Until he comes back, and then I'll go with you. See what I fixed up under here."

They bent down to look under the counter, where he had a cardboard box partly filled with money. The boys shook it to hear it rattle and wished their fathers owned fruit stands to leave them in charge of.

Suddenly while they were looking and counting the change a big, gruff voice from the sidewalk said: "I want two hundred oranges and half a banana!"

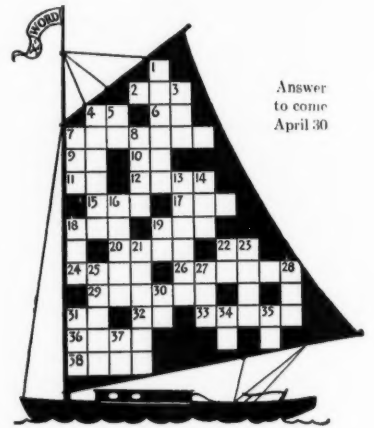
They jumped, and Tony put his hands over the money to keep it safe. But then they all burst out laughing, for there stood Tony's father, like a big, brown beanstalk.

"Run along," he said, giving Tony a playful push. "And take your friends with you."

They squeezed out of the door and started. "Look-a here," he called. "You forget to take-a your pay."

Tony walked toward the stand, but his father said: "No, all of you."

Then he filled up their hands and their pockets with apples and peaches and plums until they couldn't hold another thing. Last of all he hung two cherries over each of Tony's ears—"for good-a luck," he said.



ACROSS

2. What Cakes Are Baked In.
4. Initials Of Clara Arthur.
6. The Opposite Of Out.
7. Where Kings And Queens Live.
9. First Name Of The Governor Of New York.
10. An Exclamation.
11. Afternoon.
12. Round Bodies, Globes.
15. To Make A Mistake.
17. What You Do To Your Dinner.
18. A Period Of Time.
19. A Row Of Seats In Church.
20. An Arrow.
22. Abbreviation Of Missouri.
24. Water From The Sky.
26. What A Child Does In School.
29. A Large Placard.
31. Initials Of Polly Parrot.
32. You And I.
33. Homes Of Birds.
36. Otherwise.
38. Close To.

DOWN

1. A Man Who Belongs To The Navy.
3. A Point Of The Compass.
4. Quieter.
5. Like.
7. What You Sometimes Wear On Your Head.
8. The God Of Thunder.
13. A Large Bug.
14. What You Cut Logs With.
16. How We Hear A Voice Through The Air.
18. What You Hear With.
19. Initials Of Peter Rabbit.
21. What You Do When Some One Asks You A Question.
22. Mother.
23. What Iron Comes From.
25. A Fruit That Keeps The Doctor Away.
27. Initials Of Evelyn Randolph Norton.
28. Call For Help At Sea.
30. The First Two Letters Of Something That Your Mother Serves Her Guests In The Afternoon.
31. What You Use When You Write With Ink.
34. Boy's Nickname.
35. Toward.
37. Abbreviation Of A Continent.

TRAINING

By Nancy Byrd Turner

In Fairy Meadow just as soon
As fields are green each sunny
June

The Fairy boys begin to train
For summer sports with might
and main.

They practice partly, it is true,
To limber up and let off
steam,

But mostly they are
getting fit
To beat the Pixie Hol-
low team.

One strike! Two
strikes!

Oh, joy of joys,
When the Pixie Hol-
low nine
Meets the Meadow
boys!

The bat (I've heard it from a
bee)

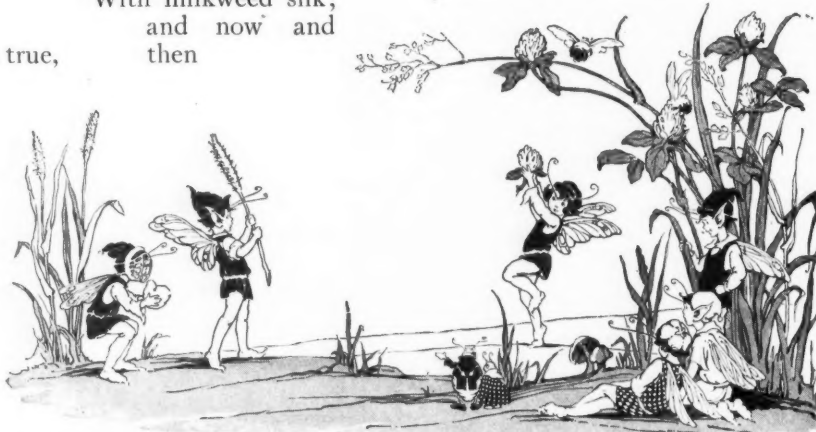
Is just a stalk of timothy;
The ball's a tiny clover head,
The mask's a seed pod, so 'tis
said;

The catcher's mitt is padded
well

With milkweed silk;
and now and
then

The outfit falls to pieces, but
They stock afresh and start
again.

Stolen base! Home run!
Oh, I'll shout aloud
When the Fairy Meadow nine
Beats the Pixie crowd!



DRAWING BY KATHARINE MALLETT

K. L. MALLETT

THE HOUSEHOLDER

By Nancy Byrd Turner



*There was a lark in Devonshire,
He waked one day at dawn
And found a yellow clover
With bright dew brimming over
Upon his little lawn.*

*The dew was clear as honey;
'Twas more than heart could bear
With all his breast a tumult
He scaled a far-flung stair—
Up, story after story,
With "Glori, glori, glori!"
To gain a golden turret
High up the crystal air;*

*So glad his alleluia
That drowsy farmer folk
Slow blinking in the mist beneath
Half-dreamed an angel spoke;
So loud his jubilation
That all the folk of heaven
Heard how a tuft of meadow grass
Was shining down in Devon.*

*Far, sweet and solitary,
Rejoicing, lost and fair,
He leaned from latticed sunlight
And turned one pure note slowly,
Then, dropping down the circled stair
Of amethyst and amber air,
Came crying, "Holy, holy!"
Still telling all the wondrous worth,
The marvel, over and over,
Of one square foot of April earth
And one new April clover.*

"FOR EVERY IDLE WORD"

HOW could it have happened, Uncle Turner?" inquired Bob Hampton in a puzzled tone.

"Meaning the affair of Clay Powers, I suppose?" responded old Turner Gill.

"Yes. Clay's parents are the finest people who ever breathed, and Clay was one of the most promising young men I have ever known. Yet now we learn almost over night that he has been secretly leading an evil life for months, and that he has committed a cold-blooded and cowardly murder in an attempt to hide the evidence of one of his many misdeeds. How could it have happened?"

"In the first place, Bob, it didn't happen," his uncle replied. "It grew just as the weeds grow in the field or the cancer grows in the body. Sometime, somehow, the germ of moral turpitude entered into the being of Clay Powers and, secretly nourished, grew until it gained the mastery over him."

"Would you say that his parents are to blame that they didn't bring him up properly?"

"It is not for us to fix the blame in such cases, Bob; the question has so many angles with which we are not familiar. Knowing Clay's parents as I do, I find it impossible to believe otherwise than they tried to bring him up faithfully, conscientiously and prayerfully. Their failure is in the hands of God, who gave them their talents and fixed their limitations. They will be severely criticized of course by many who are their inferiors. Beyond question the chief responsibility for bringing up children is with the parents, but many things over which they have no control enter into the problem."

"You and I, Bob, have been more or less intimate with young Clay Powers. I wonder whether it is possible that one of us may at some time or other have let fall some careless word—a cynical expression perhaps that we did not really mean—that helped to lower the boy's standard of ethics? There is more meaning than we commonly suppose in the Biblical saying that for every idle word God will bring us to judgment."

LEARN THE NAME

GENE PHILLIP'S father was a prosperous banker. Although he had been in Crawford only five years, he knew more people in the town than other bankers who had been in business there twice as long. When customers entered his bank he invariably called them by name. They were pleased of course and were glad to chat awhile, thus giving the banker the opportunity of learning much about them.

"Father, how can you remember so many people? And you seem to know everything about them too!" Gene said to his father as they were sitting on the porch one summer evening. "Professor Frazer is the same way; he seems to learn the names of all the students in his large classes in no time."

"Professor Frazer and I were chums at college," Gene's father replied. "We were both interested in flowers, trees and birds, and we were careful to learn their names. Whenever we found a new one we could hardly rest until we had looked it up. That naturally led to learning much about each bird or flower or tree, and there was a rivalry between us to see who could learn more. The result was that in all the years

since then every tree, bird or flower has been like an old friend to us. But, what is more important at least in a business way, we formed the habit of gathering information. We cannot be satisfied with halfway knowledge. We are just as insistent now on knowing the names of people as we were then on knowing the names of birds and trees and flowers. And to know a person's name is only a beginning. It is like the snowballs that you boys make and roll upon melting snow. Everything sticks to them. Information about people, when once you know the name, accumulates in the same way. There are few more valuable habits for a man in business than that of getting the names of people, but it must be formed when you are young."

"I have already begun!" Gene replied, delighted with knowing one secret of his father's success. "I've only been in high school a week, and I believe I know half the boys. And I'll take up birds and flowers and trees next spring. I'll beat you at your own game, father!"

SHOCKINGLY STRONG-MINDED

THE five "Glastonbury sisters," as they were called, were, writes a contributor, a family group who long years before women "got the vote" became famous through endeavoring vainly to vote in their home town; when the permission to vote was refused them they allowed their property to be sold rather than submit without protest to taxation without representation. They were good and earnest women, but they certainly were rather odd, and their parents, whose simple and satisfactory surname was Smith, must have been odder; for they had named the unhappy five Abigail Hadassah, Julia Evalina, Nancy Zephina, Cyinthia Sacretia, and Laurilla Aleryola!

No wonder that an old fellow, hanging round the polls and listening to a deal of foolish talk, in the course of which some one declared that the Smith sisters didn't really care about the ballot, but were only "trying to make a name for themselves," was moved to protest. He was very aged and had been treated to a little too much hard cider.

"Poor girls! Poor girls!" he mumbled. "That's jest what I should think they would do, considering the names that other folks have given 'em. I hope they'll make real pretty ones, and folks will be accommodating about using 'em too."

An elderly voter has an amusing tale to tell of how her grandmother, converted to suffrage by a speech, came home bubbling with enthusiasm to a dismayed and astounded family. They were sure she would soon outgrow such wild ideas, but meanwhile they besought her even with tears to keep them to herself, at least until her brother had become engaged to the lovely young girl he was then courting.

"Because, my dear," said her mother, "we know what you are, but Anna's people couldn't be expected to understand. Her sisters are so gentle and retiring and beautifully brought up, and Anna is so sweet and domestic that they might think we were all strong-minded and peculiar. It would be quite natural if they did. And there would certainly be trouble, and they mightn't be willing she should enter such a family as ours."

The convert considerably moderated her outward enthusiasm for the ballot, but there was an amusing sequel. The demure young bride proved to be quietly but firmly "strong-minded" herself. She too had been repressed by an anxious mother and sisters who feared that her unwomanly ideas might shock George's family!

IN A RUNAWAY WITH A BEAR

DODGE, my friend who admires mules, says Mr. Struthers Burt in the Diary of a Dude Wrangler, once figured in a dramatic incident in which a bear also took part. His mules had the habit of running away, but they did no harm. They would run for a while and then stop and eat grass as if nothing had happened.

Dodge had started in the direction of Cody, writes Mr. Burt, driving his mules attached to a covered wagon with the top down, but on the road he fell in with another Harvard graduate, a man named Jones, and both were so delighted at meeting that Dodge gave up his original purpose and persuaded Jones to return with him and view the beauties of the Tetons.

Jones was one of the most hairless men I have ever seen—a round-faced, bald young man with huge spectacles. He seldom spoke, but on his lips hovered a perpetual vague smile, as if he were amused by the echoes of a joke that he had heard years before. On the return journey Dodge and Jones met a man with a bear cub, and they bought the cub for ten dollars.

That is the prologue; the drama, in one act, and the epilogue occurred a week later.

Leading down to the ranch where I was then staying was a dugway, and at the foot were several log buildings. One warm August afternoon a terrific hubbub broke out on the other side of the hill into which the dugway was cut,

and over the hill in a cloud of dust with a creaking of chains and a rattle of wheels came Dodge and Jones and the bear. Dodge's mules were running away. Jones, sitting in the back of the wagon, seemed utterly unperturbed; he was viewing the country with his usual absent-minded smile. But the bear was more temperamental. Halfway down the dugway, being restrained only by a log chain that was fastened to nothing, he leaped upon Dodge's back and, reaching round, began to claw at the frantic driver's eyes. Jones never even turned his head.

Since it looked as if the whole outfit was going straight through the log buildings, the few spectators withdrew to a discreet distance. But as usual the mules stopped long before danger was reached and, breathing heavily, looked round them with a proud and amused expression.

Red with anger, Dodge dropped his reins and without a word threw the bear over his head and made a flying dive on top of the squirming mass of fur. Locked in each other's arms, the two rolled down the slope. It was a question whether the bear was scratching Dodge more than Dodge was bruising the bear.

The epilogue occurred that night. Dodge and Jones had made a little camp, and I went down to see them. They were drinking soup out of tomato cans, and the bear, tied to a tree, was winding and unwinding himself on his chain. Whenever he had unwound himself as far as he could Dodge would put down his tomato can and, rising solemnly, go over and smack his pet in the face. All the time the bear whined mournfully.

THE OLD CAPITOL OF KENTUCKY

THIS is the picture of a building of much historical interest; it is still standing in Danville, Kentucky. Danville, in the heart of the blue-grass region, is the seat of Centre College, and it was the home of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the "father of abdominal surgery." It was also the first seat of civil government west of the Allegheny Mountains when that vast region out of which were carved Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota was still known as the Northwest Territory. The first building that was used for the purposes of government was described as a "commodious log structure" and contained a courtroom, a jail and soldiers' barracks.

The official business soon outgrew those quarters, and some four or five years before Kentucky became a state in 1792 the log house was replaced with this structure of brick. Within



The old capitol at Danville, Ky.

its walls were held several of the ten conventions looking to statehood and the first constitutional convention. Later the capital was fixed at Frankfort, where it still remains.

As the building stands, the eastern two thirds has been added, for it has been in private hands for much of its history and at one time contained a successful girls' school. When it was first built it was square and had four imposing columns in front; those have long since disappeared. There was one large room below and one above stairs. The dividing line of the added part can be easily traced from the inside as well as from the outside, and also the outline of the large front door, which was bricked up long ago.

THE WIT OF THE SWAHILI

THE French captain in charge of an eleven-hundred-mile route in the French Congo, writes a contributor, once received many reports of a band of bad natives led by a white man. He scoffed at the idea until one day he noticed sheep with brass rifle shells on strings round their necks. Examination proved that the shells were not like those that either the French or the Belgians used. Two different tribes had them on their sheep.

The captain started out with his company to find the white leader. After he had trailed him for a number of days the captain made camp, and soon afterward a gaunt, ragged white man appeared. He told a pitiful tale of hardship; he had lost all his supplies in an accident, he said, and had only six men with him in a camp a few miles away.

For some reason the captain stepped outside his tent to speak to one of the Swahili soldiers,

When he reentered he was certain that the man had been out of his seat and across the tent, but why he did not know. Almost at once, however, two of his Swahili began to quarrel furiously just before the door of the tent. In the usual manner of quarreling blacks they abused each other terribly, shaking their weapons and making threats. Anyone unused to their ways would have expected murder.

The captain listened laughing; he had no fear of violence. Understanding Swahili as well as he understood French, he understood every word. Suddenly he was startled to hear one Swahili say without change of tone, "Listen, bwana!" and then go right on abusing his mate.

Pretending amusement, the captain listened. Every sentence carried several words of warning.

"This—man—bad. Watch—him. Your—revolver—inside—his—shirt," were the words the captain caught and pieced together.

Stepping to the opening of the tent, he looked out. One Swahili was shaking his rifle in the face of his mate with both hands. The other had lowered his own to waist level. Both were yelling in each other's faces. All at once the lowered gun exploded, and the ball passed close to the captain. He wheeled and saw his caller with a cocked revolver in his hand, the captain's own gun, pitching to his face on the ground.

"Bwana, it had to be," said the Swahili who had fired. "He was about to shoot you between the shoulders."

The captain divided his men, sending some by land and taking the rest by canoe to the dead man's camp. They found it and caught every man in it—sixty armed natives. The commander of the robber band proved to be an American from New Mexico, a treacherous and degraded villain whose entire family were criminals.

"JOHNNY HIGHPOCKETS"

IN the expressive slang of the "cow country" a "dude wrangler" is a man who finds it for the moment his duty to take charge of visiting tenderfeet and show them the sights of the region. Mr. Struthers Burt has written the "diary" of such a man, which, as might be expected, contains a quantity of amusing episodes. For example, on the subject of a wandering carpenter who was employed for a time on the ranch he says:

"Johnny Highpockets," so named because he bought overalls too large for him and then pulled them up until they were painfully tight, was on the whole a good hand and a nice fellow, but he was cursed with a magnificent and untrained imagination. In happier circumstances he might have been a great writer of fiction. Once I told him to build a dog house. The result was something that was seven feet high and six feet across. We are still using Johnny's "dog house" as a place to store gasoline tanks.

On another occasion he told us when we were in a hurry to build fireplaces that he had been "a brick-layer all his life." Possibly he may have been, but he did not know much about slippery cobblestones. He laid them up in a single layer instead of in double or triple layers, and towards dusk he called me over and with a proud expression showed me to my utter astonishment a chimney, almost completed, that an ordinary man would have taken at least three days to build. I did not want to discourage his zeal, so I walked away. A moment later I heard a dull roar and ran back to find Johnny Highpockets, with a puzzled look in his eyes, standing knee-deep in cobblestones and mortar.

Johnny, like so many of his kind,—and it is astonishing how many mechanics are neurotics,—was a victim of the delusion of persecution. Whenever he did anything wrong, which was not infrequently, he laid the blame on someone else who had with malice prepense followed him about and wrecked a perfect contrivance. We still have in a cabin a door jamb upon which he wrote with a carpenter's pencil these cryptic words: "Leave me alone!" Nobody ever knew whether he was referring to the door jamb or to himself.

HIS FRIEND FROM THE GLUE-BRASS STATE

A MAN in a New York town was about to introduce to a group of business friends a visiting acquaintance of his from Kentucky. "Let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Gordon Higgs from the Glue-Brass State," he said. Then, growing red at his ridiculous blunder, he tried again:

"I want to make you acquainted with my friend, Mr. Gordon Higgs, of the Grew-Blas State."

The others smiled broadly, and the speaker's color and confusion deepened; but he made another desperate attempt:

"I want you to know my friend, Mr. Gordon Higgs, of the Brew-Glass State."

A fourth attempt, if the introducer had intended one, was forestalled by an irresistible burst of hilarity from his business friends and his Kentucky acquaintance alike.



FACT AND COMMENT

KEEP THE PEACE with men; but do not spare their vices.

Six Miles a Day on Foot will do you far
More Good than Twice a Hundred in a Car.

IT IS A GOOD PLAN to let everyone air his views. But for some views airing is not enough; fumigation would be better.

A BUTCHER'S BILL more than four thousand years old was found in the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees. It is in the form of a small block or tablet of baked clay, on one face of which the account, for three lambs delivered to the temple, is cut. Whether it has yet been paid has not been determined; but if modern bills were rendered in the same form, some men could pave their driveways and floor their garages with incised tiles.

WHY CRACK NUTS? A fashionable confectionery shop asks the question and offers fresh nut meats already opened. It would be hard to find anything that shows more plainly the modern tendency to regard as work what our predecessors considered as a pleasure. Cracking nuts, like popping corn, is a social diversion. It needs a big wooden bowl, several flatirons, of the old-fashioned kind, as many hammers, and an open fireplace for background. The man who wouldn't rather crack nuts in that way than have them cracked for him is a filibert.

YOUNG WOMEN OF TODAY cannot complain, as their mothers and grandmothers might justly have done, that they have few opportunities to earn a living. New occupations are opening to them all the time. Here, for example, is an advertisement that appeared recently in a metropolitan newspaper: "A chemist. Young woman with a thorough college training wanted to assist in the care of albino rats in a biochemical research laboratory. Experience unnecessary." Keeper of the Albino Rats! A title that suggests something of the pomp of regal courts.

THE ART OF PUNCTUATION is simpler today than it used to be, but a comma or two can still change the whole meaning of a sentence, as appears in the amusing interchange of telegrams that recently took place between two popular favorites of the stage. The first telegram read: "Mrs. Fiske thinks Margaret Anglin is America's finest actress." The reply was this: "Mrs. Fiske, thinks Margaret Anglin, is America's finest actress." The result here was happier than the effort of the man whose wife cabled from Paris for advice about buying a pearl necklace for \$10,000. His reply was, "No. Price too high," but the operator left out the period.

BOUILLABAISSE is something that you will either like or dislike. But whether you like it or not, says one who has eaten it, you never forget it. When you order it at a restaurant in Marseilles you get a sort of chowder made of many kinds of sea food. There is a piece of toast floating like a raft, and usually a few strips of what looks like seaweed come up with the first mouthful. A small fish of indeterminate genus is also included; the head is served with it, and as the waiter sets the bowl before you a fishy eye meets yours with an appealing look that has discouraged many a hungry diner. The liquid part of the dish is thick and creamy, and the color of tomato soup, and it swells like low tide. Served on the Quai

des Belges, with the boatmen crying from the harbor and the clatter of the dock about you, it is *bouillabaisse* as it should be served.

THE GERMAN ELECTION

NEXT Sunday the people of Germany will elect a president. The voting of last month was a kind of presidential primary, useful to indicate the comparative strength of parties, but indecisive as to candidates, for the German constitution has a singular provision governing elections. At the first balloting a candidate must have a clear majority of the popular vote in order to become president. If no candidate receives a majority,—and that is what happened on March 29,—another election is ordered, and in that the candidate who receives the largest number of votes is elected, however far he may fall short of a majority. Another curious provision is that the parties need not present the same candidate at both elections. By vote of their executive committee a party can withdraw its candidate altogether, or offer a new candidate to the voters, or endorse a candidate agreed upon in coalition with another party. The first election is an occasion for the various factions to try out their strength. The second is likely to prove a real contest, in which every sort of possible political alliance has been arranged in order to narrow the choice to two or at most three candidates.

The March election showed that the parties of the Right had already formed a very successful alliance. The Nationalists and the People's party, which represents the big industrial interests, got together behind Dr. Jarres and gave him more than ten million votes. That represents pretty nearly the entire strength of the group that opposes the existing government, for General Ludendorff, who stood for the unrepentant monarchists, got only some three hundred thousand votes. The people who voted for Jarres are not all anxious to see the monarchy reestablished, though most of them are, but they are all unfriendly to the Dawes plan; they are all against the idea of binding Germany to any acceptance of its present frontiers either in the east or in the west; they are all eager to see the military prowess of Germany reestablished and to regain possession of Alsace and of upper Silesia.

But this alliance cast more votes than any of its opponents. The Socialists showed unexpected strength but cast less than eight million votes for Herr Braun. The Centre party, whose candidate was former Chancellor Marx, did not do so well as it hoped to; its total was less than four million votes. The Democrats, the Communists and the Bavarian party each cast between one and two million. Obviously, the only way to keep out of the presidency a man who is in favor of prolonging the unrest of Europe and the open hostility of Germany to France and Poland is to arrange an alliance strong enough to defeat him. The Socialists, the Centrists and the Democrats, united, have the necessary votes, and they have the tradition of a fairly successful parliamentary alliance under Chancellor Marx. They have agreed to unite on him as their joint candidate for president, and they ought to elect him next Sunday though the parties of the Right will oppose him with the war hero Marshal Von Hindenburg.

We are told that there was a "noticeable lack of popular interest" in the March election. Nevertheless, twenty-seven millions voted—within two millions of our own popular vote last November. And our qualified voters, remember, number at least fifteen millions more than those of Germany.

THE ARROGANCE OF BRAINS

PHYSICAL weakness or inefficiency touches the heart of all but the most callous. The sight of a cripple pulling himself painfully up a flight of stairs, or of a puny man trying to lift a burden too great for his strength, is a call for help from all who see him, and usually the help is offered instantly and with good will. The strong man who lends the support of his better muscles never thinks of assuming an attitude of superiority merely because he is strong.

But observe that it is not always so with the things of the mind. Arrogance and condescension are only too likely to show themselves when the disparity is mental.

The man of a good brain frequently watches with scornful amusement the clumsy and ineffectual efforts of his less fortunate neighbor to meet the problems that life presents to him, and laughs at his obvious mistakes or sneers at them. "The poor fool! If he knew anything, if he had any brains at all, he wouldn't have done what he did."

Of course he wouldn't. Neither would the cripple have taken so long to climb the stairs if he had been whole.

What is the best of us that he should look with anything but pity on those with whom nature has been less generous? Why should a man pride himself on his brains more than on his brawn? "For who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now, if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?"

AN AFTER-DINNER'S SLEEP

ONE of the loveliest of the poetical passages in Shakespeare is that in which the Duke, in Measure for Measure, consoles Claudio for his prospective departure from life by pointing out its utter futility.

Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both.

When, by any rare chance, we take the time from the hurry and bustle of immediate life to reflect upon the future and the past, we feel more and more the perfect truth of this Shakespearean comment.

Up to a certain period, perhaps in the early twenties, perhaps in the late thirties or later still, varying greatly for each individual, but coming surely to everyone who thinks at all, our life is made up of looking forward. We are full of the dreams of ripe, successful age, full of splendid plots and plans. The world is an oyster waiting for us to open it. The world is a rich, wide garden or meadow, full of luxurious, gorgeous blossoms, and we shall invade it and pluck them, shall build cloud castles for ourselves, abounding in the ample fruition of hope.

Then, before we know it, there comes a strange, an inexplicable turn. We cannot figure out exactly when it comes; we cannot figure out exactly how it comes. But all at once we find that we are looking back instead of looking forward. The future may still keep its dreams, and still to some extent we cling to them. But the element of illusion in them grows larger and larger, and we know it. And the backward dream of youth assumes a singular, alluring, rosy radiance. We know that those boyhood days had their trials and difficulties, just as we have them now. But in the past we overlook them and think more and more only of the overpowering, pervading charm.

So the days and the months and the years slip by, and in the end it is borne in upon us what a magical power that Shakespeare had in understanding the secrets of his own soul and of our souls and of all souls, and what a magical gift for expressing them:

Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both.

"MOONLIGHT SCHOOLS"

IN 1913 The Companion called attention to the work being done in the "moonlight schools" of Rowan County, Kentucky. Those schools had been started by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, the county superintendent of schools, for the benefit of illiterate adults. She opened the schoolhouses of the county on moonlight nights, the only nights when the mountain folk could easily make their way to them; the teachers all volunteered their services; the people who could not read or write turned out in surprising numbers, and within an astonishingly short time all but 23 of the 1152 illiterates in Rowan County had learned to read and write. Of the 23 who had not learned, says Mrs. Stewart in her book, *Moonlight Schools*, six were blind, five were bed-ridden invalids, six were imbeciles, two had moved in after the session had closed, and four absolutely refused to learn. One of these four, an old woman, shortly afterwards surrendered and came into the camp of the literates.

In our editorial comment twelve years ago we expressed the opinion that such

work as Mrs. Stewart had initiated could be done and should be done in all parts of this country. Since that time the efforts to reduce illiteracy have increased, and for these efforts the volunteer and pioneer labors of Mrs. Stewart and her teachers have furnished the inspiration and the model. The state of Kentucky made her chairman of the first illiteracy commission ever established anywhere; in a few years 130,000 adult illiterates in Kentucky had been taught to read and write. Alabama, in 1915, created the second illiteracy commission; before long North Carolina was actively engaged in similar reclamation work and was making its campaign cry, "Outstrip Kentucky!" Minnesota, Oklahoma, New Mexico and other states rapidly caught the enthusiasm and embarked upon moonlight-school programmes.

In teaching men and women of mature minds to read it was found desirable to give them, not the primers suitable for young children, but reading matter adapted to their age and interests, even though expressed at first in words of one syllable. For example, one lesson reads:

This is a road.
It is a good road.
It will save my time.
It will save my team.
It will save my wagon.
The good road is my friend.
I will work for the good road.

With all the advancement in the last ten years in the teaching of illiterates there are still far too many men and women in America who are handicapped by their inability to read and write. The work of aiding them to rid themselves of their handicap should be pressed. The states that neglect their illiterates are backward states.

THE JOURNEY OF SU-TO AND KO-MI

ONE of the most interesting—and wholly characteristic—episodes of Theodore Roosevelt's busy and adventurous life was the famous hunting and collecting trip he made to equatorial Africa after he had retired from the Presidency in 1909. Another Roosevelt expedition, similar in aim, though visiting a very different



The "head of heads"; horns of the *Ovis poli*

part of the world, is already on its travels. Another Theodore Roosevelt—the President's eldest son—is of the party, and he is accompanied by his brother Kermit and Mr. George K. Cherrie, an experienced traveler and naturalist who was long connected with the Field Museum in Chicago. The journey into the rugged, barren and almost unexplored interior of the great Asiatic continent will be watched with interest by geographers, naturalists and game-hunters, as well as by everyone, old or young, who has in his veins the blood of the wanderer, the adventurer, the explorer of strange places and the lover of the wilderness and of the wild life that is to be found there.

The expedition will land at Karachi in India, travel northward by rail or motor to Peshawar and Srinagar, outfit in the famous Vale of Kashmir, cross the great barrier of the Himalayas by the lofty pass of Leh, climb still northward over one range of mountains after another till it reaches the rugged plateaus of the Pamirs, "the world's white roof-tree," and then descend into Chinese Turkestan, where probably it will do most of its collecting. The travelers must work quickly, for they cannot cross the snow-covered passes of the Himalayas and the Pamirs until well into May, and the same passes will again become snow-filled by the end of September. Unless they get back to Kashmir by that time they will have to make their way out to the eastward over three thousand miles of waste and desert into northern China. The young men have been supplied with diplomatic and scientific credentials in English, Russian and Chinese. Colonel Roosevelt, we learn, is introduced to Chinese officialdom as Su-To, and Kermit is identified as Ko-Mi. Their father, our readers will remember,

emerged from his African adventures with the sobriquet of Bwana-Tumbo. But that was, if we recollect, a somewhat humorous epithet which his native porters bestowed upon him. Su-To and Ko-Mi are learned inventions meant to smooth the way of the travelers through a country where polysyllabic names are regarded as insufferably barbarous and injurious to the ear. Mr. Cherrie's Chinese title we have not learned, but no doubt he is supplied with one.

The regions that the Roosevelt party will traverse are in large part those over which those famous Venetian travelers, the Polos, passed six hundred and fifty years ago, and which no white man ever visited again until the middle of the nineteenth century. They are still imperfectly known and inadequately mapped; what is sure is that they offer the traveler nothing but difficulty and hardship. "Every mile stands on end" in that part of Asia. The valleys are deep and the mountains precipitous. Some of the passes are almost twenty thousand feet in the air. The Pamir Plateau is seventeen thousand feet above the sea, and it is never anything else than severely cold there.

The expedition hopes to come back with all sorts of curious and interesting birds and animals for the Field Museum. One creature the hunters are especially eager to find is the long-haired tiger, which they will look for in the river bottoms in Chinese Turkestan. Another still more valuable specimen that they will hunt among the crags on the "roof of the world" is the *Ovis poli*,—the grandfather of all sheep,—which Marco Polo described in his book six centuries ago. Polo said this great sheep had horns "six hands long." No one believed him; he was called a romancer or even, less politely, a liar. But after five hundred years he was vindicated. A British big-game hunter found the *Ovis poli*—the animal gets its name from its discoverer, Polo—and shot one whose horns measured seventy-two inches. Very few of these remarkable animals have ever been seen; the museum is rich that has one among its collections. If the Roosevelts bring home one or two, that will be enough to make the expedition a success.

found themselves resting at too steep a pitch and have simply slid down to a safer angle. That is especially likely if there is a good deal of clay in the soil that covers the mountain, for clay, especially when wet, is slippery stuff.

THE Prince of Wales is now in South Africa, receiving the loyal attentions of his future subjects in that part of the world. He travels this time in his own proper capacity as heir apparent to the British throne, and not as Baron Renfrew, which was the title under which he made his recent visit to this country. Accordingly he travels on a British battle cruiser, the *Repulse*, and not on an ocean liner. He will visit certain South American countries also before his return. The Prince departed from Portsmouth with much ceremony and with the good wishes of the entire nation, except perhaps the "advanced" wing of the Labor party, which has come to regard the money spent on these princely journeyings as an unwarranted tax on the British citizen.

CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN, the Norwegian polar explorer, is in earnest about trying to fly across the north pole in an airplane. He is already at Tromsø completing his plans for the adventurous trip. It is his idea that the entire journey from Spitzbergen to the pole will not take more than seven hours. He will land there if conditions permit; if not, he will keep on to some point on the coast of Alaska, passing over that wholly unexplored part of the Arctic Ocean where some people think a great island or group of islands is to be found—the last undiscovered land in the world. Captain Amundsen hopes to make his trip in June, when the polar day is continuous. An American aviator and engineer, Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth, will be his pilot.

IT is now possible to say who is to foot the bill for Germany's share in the war—it is the people who bought German bonds not only during and after the war but before it. The holders of government bonds, national, state or municipal, are to be asked to turn in what they have and receive in exchange certificates of a new loan amounting to five per cent of the old loans. To put it in figures, Germany owes at present some \$18,000,000,000. It offers to pay about \$850,000,000. Moreover, the new bonds will not bear any interest and will not be redeemed so long as Germany is paying reparations—except in the case of bondholders who can be shown to have bought their bonds before 1920 and to have kept them ever since. They will get five per cent interest; but it is not believed that there are a great many persons of that sort. Most of the owners of German bonds sold out some time ago and took their losses. The proceeding amounts of course to a gigantic levy on capital. The active business men, the farmers and the working people have succeeded in making the owners of bonds and mortgages pay the whole cost of the war.

THE Latin Quarter in eruption! The venerable Sorbonne in an uproar! The students of law in the University of Paris on a strike! As is usually the case when French students riot, there was politics at the bottom of the trouble. The government named a professor of international law whom neither faculty nor students wanted—a man who has held office under the Herriot ministry and whom the students regarded as a politician and not a scholar. So they "boomed" him when he tried to lecture and hustled the police when they tried to protect him. The premier showed his irritation at this rebellion of the intellectuals by closing the university for a time; whether he can force his unpopular professor upon the university remains to be seen.

IT is the hope of those who are building the great Episcopal cathedral in the city of Washington that it will come in time to be recognized as a fitting place of burial for the nation's great dead. President Woodrow Wilson was interred in the crypt of the Bethlehem Chapel at the cathedral, and now the body of Admiral Dewey has been removed from the imposing tomb in Arlington Cemetery and placed beside that of the War President. Neither this nor any other church can ever come to fill in our national consciousness the place that Westminster Abbey fills in the hearts of Englishmen; but as the years pass it will, no doubt, offer a last resting place to a great company of our famous dead.

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THE STAMP OUTFITS

A MONTH ago, in order to help those subscribers who are interested in beginning to collect stamps, *The Companion* offered, as a gift, a beginners' outfit consisting of a small album, a packet of foreign stamps and a packet of binges. Although we obtained a large number of the outfits, the requests for them have come in such unexpected volume that they have already exhausted the supply. We are trying to get more.



THIS BUSY WORLD

THE newspapers have printed some interesting but rather misleading dispatches from Meeker, Colorado, in which they speak of a mountain that has recently begun to "move," until it has quite overflowed—if that is a proper word about so solid a thing as a mountain—the road that used to run along its base. We have not at hand any reliable information about the geological structure of the mountain in question or about the materials of which it is composed; but it is safe to say that the real mountain, the core of either folded or erupted rock, has not moved perceptibly. It may be that there has been a slipping of the mountain top along a steeply inclined "fault" in the rock of which the mountain mass consists. Or it may be that the surface materials have



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SPRING SPORTS SECTION

SINGLE-BLADE PADDLING



The "push and pull" stroke, here shown, is the stroke most commonly used. The work is divided almost equally between both arms and both shoulders.

THE theory of propelling a canoe with a single-blade paddle is simple. The actual practice of doing so with wise distribution of effort and greatest amount of safety is less obvious.

Ordinarily in single-blade paddling two persons wield paddles. One sits upon a cane seat in the bow and the other on a similar seat in the stern. This equal distribution of weight along the length of the craft permits it to ride upon an even keel. Only under exceptional conditions such as facing high waves should the bow



Sometimes the stern man steers with a trailing paddle, as the canoeist here shown, but ordinarily he can guide the craft by a quick shove that does not interrupt the rhythm of the stroke.

be noticeably higher and lighter than the stern; in average canoeing the craft should travel upon an even keel.

Some canoes are not equipped with seats. In this case the paddlers kneel on the floor of the craft in the same respective fore and aft positions, with their backs braced against the thwarts. The lower you place your weight in a canoe the fewer chances there are that the craft will upset. Therefore this kneeling position is ordinarily safer than the seated position. Of course a seat does not bar you from kneeling. You should make a practice of slipping down upon your knees when you run into risky stretches of water.

The straight-ahead, single-paddle stroke is a machinelike, although rhythmic, performance, the bow man continuously dipping his paddle into the water on one side of the canoe and the stern paddler on the other side. Ordinarily both paddles should dip into the water at the same instant, travel backward through the water in unison, leave the water at the same time, and travel forward through the air in unison. The stroke should be smooth and rhythmic throughout; there should be neither a spasmodic plunging of the paddle into the water at its start nor a wave-lifting jerk at its finish.

There is a variety of opinions regarding various details of the stroke, and not infrequently a skilled canoeist has no opinion upon the subject. I once attempted to discuss the matter with a North Woods guide, one of the finest



In fast, rock-strewn waters the bow man must help with the steering. The "draw" stroke, here shown, which sheers the bow quickly to the side on which he is paddling, is valuable.

paddlers I have ever seen. I might as well have asked him about the Einstein theory for all the information I obtained. He paddled in the style that came most naturally to him and could not explain how he did it. Probably no two people paddle alike in every single detail. Yet when two paddle together it is essential that there be some common basis upon which to build teamwork.

The "push and pull" style of stroke has perhaps the greatest all-round utility. When you use it you divide the work of propelling the canoe fairly evenly between your two arms. Your upper arm should do nearly half the work instead of merely being carried by the end of the paddle. The full strength of your shoulder—the real power behind your arms—should come into this stroke. Beginners with a paddle are likely to make the mistake of thinking of this stroke solely as an arm motion.

The pathway of the paddle in the water should be as close as it can to the side of the canoe without disturbing the centre balance in the craft. The tendency of the paddle in the water should be toward the vertical. The sweep outward with the paddle as though it were a broom is extremely poor paddling form. But in paddling close to the canoe you should bear in mind the desirable straight line of travel. This applies particularly to the bow paddler. The lines of the bow of a canoe converge to a point. A pathway of the blade that is strictly parallel to those lines will not give a direct forward impulse. Therefore the bow paddler should start his stroke some distance out from the side of the craft and as far forward as he can reach without stretching. Neither paddler should carry the stroke back more than a little way behind his body because its power begins to wane after the paddle passes the body.

In order to keep a canoe headed straight it is usually necessary for the stern man to steer as well as paddle. Ordinarily the act of steering need not break the paddling rhythm; rather, the steering becomes a part of it. Toward the end of his stroke the stern man partly revolves his paddle so that at the end of the stroke the edge of the paddle that has been traveling nearest to the canoe is now turned upward. The turn is usually made with the upper hand, the lower grip upon the paddle being temporarily loosened in order to allow the paddle to revolve in this hand.

At the extreme end of the stroke a quick short shove may be given with the turned paddle either toward or away from the canoe as circumstances demand. But this is all accomplished so quickly that there is no delay in swinging the paddle forward for the next stroke. Both paddles dip the water in unison.

What has just been said applies chiefly to reasonably tranquil waters. When you encounter snag-filled waters, sharp river bends and similar conditions, paddling rhythm is likely to be temporarily interrupted, and additional steering methods may become necessary. Teamwork, however, in the largest sense of the word, becomes more essential than ever.

Ordinarily it is a mistake for a stern paddler to trail his paddle astern at the end of a stroke;



The "throw" stroke, which begins in this position, is better than the draw stroke, for it enables the bow man to swerve the bow to either side without first swinging the paddle across the canoe.

none the less this is sometimes advisable. If he is paddling on the right side of the canoe and wishes to swerve the canoe sharply to the left he can trail the paddle so that the end of the blade is to the rear of the stern, projecting on the left. There are various other movements with his paddle whereby the stern man can swerve the bow; he can reach out to one side of the canoe with his paddle and draw it toward his side, or he can plant the paddle in the water edge-on to the bow and shove it away from his side. Various modifications of these movements are used as the occasion demands.

In average canoeing the stern man's responsibility is the greater, and unless the bow man is a skilled canoeist he would do wisely to allow the stern man to do all the steering. An accomplished bow man, on the other hand, can be of very great assistance in steering. His is the better position for spotting snags ahead, and in a sudden crisis instant action with his paddle may save the day. When two men have paddled together a great deal each comes to know pretty well what to expect of the other. A stern man can read by the humping of his partner's shoulders what he intends to do. That is one angle of teamwork.

Often a bow man can avert disaster for the canoe by backing water with his paddle. This action to bring results should be an aggressive forward shove with firmly braced body behind

EXPERTS ALL

EVERY writer for *The Companion* is an expert in his field. For instance, Mr. Elon Jessup, who writes here on paddling, is the author of three books and innumerable special magazine articles on outdoor subjects.

it rather than a desultory backing of water. But it can hardly be called steering.

When running down rock-strewn fast waters of the north country it is not uncommon for the bow man to do a considerable amount of steering. There are two strokes that are used under varying conditions, one known as the "draw" stroke and the other the "throw" stroke. The first of these is simplicity itself, but the throw stroke requires a considerable



A lone paddler in a racing position. For ordinary paddling or paddling in rough water the paddler should have his weight much lower. A kneeling position against the centre thwart is best.

amount of practice. The object in either case is to swerve the bow of the canoe suddenly either to the right or to the left without losing headway. The bow simply sheers to one side of trouble.

The draw stroke is comparable to the ordinary straight-ahead paddling stroke, the difference being that you pull the paddle toward the side of the canoe instead of parallel to its length. If you want to swerve the canoe toward the side opposite to that on which you are paddling, you have to fling the paddle quickly to the other side. Usually a single draw stroke is sufficient, and then you go back to straight-ahead paddling.

The advantage of the throw stroke is that you can swerve the bow of the canoe either to right or to left without swinging the paddle across the canoe. For the stroke hold the paddle in a nearly perpendicular position about six inches from the gunwale, the blade broadside to the canoe—the reverse of ordinary paddling, although you grip the paddle in the usual manner. Keep a firm grasp with your lower hand on the paddle just above the blade and then, with the upper hand on the grip, turn the paddle slightly so that the forward edge turns either to the right or to the left. The bow of the canoe swerves quickly in the direction that the edge moves. It is not easy to hold the paddle rigidly erect during the process. The tendency of fast water is to jerk it away.

Paddling a canoe alone with a single-blade paddle requires some comment. In this case the canoeist keeps headed straight by applying the combination paddling and steering stroke that a stern man uses in ordinary two-man paddling. His position in the canoe, however, is an important element.

Many canoeists when paddling alone make



At a shallow landing use the paddle for a support as you step out of the canoe. Be sure that the tip of the blade is driven well into the bottom.

the mistake of sitting on the stern seat, thus raising the bow far out of water. Wind catches the raised bow and makes headway difficult. Sitting on the front seat, facing the stern, thus having the stern temporarily become the bow,

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NAME

STREET

CITY STATE

is a better paddling position. Better still is a position amidships so that the craft rides upon an even keel and the wind pressure is equalized on bow and stern. In this case the paddler can brace himself against the centre thwart.



Place a hand on each gunwale and step from the float or landing into the middle of the canoe

Frequently by paddling on the opposite side from that on which the wind is blowing not very much steering is necessary.

When you select a paddle do so with the same care that a golfer picks out a new club or

a tennis player a racket, for, in common with those implements, a paddle is supported and directed wholly by the man who swings it, and a paddle that may suit one man may prove an awkward tool in the hands of another. The proper length of the paddle depends upon your height. A commonly accepted rule in the selection of a single-blade paddle is to get one that reaches as high as your eyes. This rule is especially applicable to the stern-paddling position; the paddle used by the bow man may be several inches shorter.

A type of single-blade paddle commonly used in canoe racing has straight sides and a square end, so that it will hold all the water possible and enable the paddler to obtain great speed. The common type of paddle, having a gradually tapering blade that is nearly semicircular at its lower end, is the most useful for ordinary canoeing.

The varieties of wood of which most single-blade paddles are made are maple, ash and spruce. Spruce single-blade paddles are used extensively and, for the most part, prove satisfactory. Maple or ash paddles are slightly heavier but have the advantage of being considerably stronger. A copper tip will add to the life of a spruce paddle. Whatever the wood, the grain should be clear and straight.

UMPIRING IN FIELD HOCKEY

A member of the All-England Women's Hockey Team, whose two articles on field hockey we have already printed, again shares her experience with American girl players.



EFFICIENT umpiring is a subject that should be of vital interest to all players of field hockey. If a rough team is firmly checked at the beginning of a match, it will improve even in one game; but if it is allowed to go its own way, and if fouls are overlooked, the other team will be likely to fall into the same fashion of play. The ideal thing is for every player to be able to umpire, but that point has not been reached even in England, where umpiring has made great strides forward in the last two years.

You need not be a good player in order to be an efficient umpire; the essential thing is to have a thorough understanding of the game and a clear knowledge of the rules. Too often a leader who has collected eleven players for a match thinks that she has done all that is required of her, and that an umpire is a pleasant adjunct that can be picked up anywhere. "So-and-so, who is watching, can umpire," she says light-heartedly, quite oblivious of the fact that "So-and-so" hardly knows the rules and is far too frightened to make herself heard on the whistle!

How can you be a good umpire? Obviously you must first know the rules inside and out. You must not only have read through the rule book but know the answer to all sorts of unexpected little questions. For example, is it fair for a player who is rolling in the ball to dash on to the field and hit it herself before another player has touched it? That is unlikely to happen, but such a case may arise. The answer to it in the negative is given under Rule 15, and the penalty reads: "The roll-in shall be taken by a player of the other team." On the spur of the moment the umpire wonders, "Is that a roll-in, or should it be a free hit?" A moment's thought will show that it is certainly a breach of the roll-in rule, and the rule says that in case of a breach the roll-in shall be taken by one of the opposing side.

Besides a thorough knowledge of the official women's hockey rule book you must have a calm and unhurried mind. Do not let yourself be flurried; do not look at players when you penalize them, as it is very disconcerting to see some one scowling at you in such circumstances, as some players scowl. If you have missed something that you should not have missed, do not think about it. Let the past be past, for while thinking it over you may miss something else. Do not let people talk to you; unless the game is very one-sided and you have nothing to do whatever, you will find yourself thinking not of the game but of their conversation. It is absolutely necessary to concentrate every moment; once you let your attention wander from the game you will find it hard to bring it back.

Start firmly giving every foul; if players find you are on the lookout, they will at once try to stop fouling. Be careful—and this is the most difficult part of umpiring—not to give a foul against team A if they are going to benefit by it, or rather if team B will benefit by its being overlooked. For example, suppose a half in trying to intercept a pass misses with her stick and kicks the ball right on the stick of the opposing wing, who dashes off unopposed down the field. Obviously you would be penalizing the wrong side if you made her stop and bring the ball back for a free hit in her favor at the point where she started from. Another incident that frequently occurs is the following. The back in the circle misses the ball she is trying to clear and gives an awful "sticks."

The crowd gasps and says: "Why did not the umpire give it?" But by her missing, the ball has rolled past her with the forward close after it. She has a clear shot at goal with only two goalkeepers to beat, whereas if the umpire had given the "sticks" it would have been a penalty corner that likely enough would not have resulted in a goal.

It takes some practice to be able to decide quickly whether or not you should give some foul. A case occurred in a recent match. A forward shot, and in saving, the goalkeeper fell, but, though she was sitting on the ground, the ball was just peeping out from under her tunic at the back, and the umpire, realizing that the attacking centre forward had a clear view of it, did not blow. Everyone expected that she would give a penalty bully, because the goalkeeper seemed to be preventing an almost certain goal. The umpire was justified in

her course for the centre forward did see in time and just pushed the ball into the net.

You must have a skirt short and wide enough to permit you to run with the players up and down your own half of the field, for unless you are level with the forward line you cannot possibly tell whether a player is off side or not, and for scrums in the circle you must go round the end where you can see what is going on. If possible, do not wear clothes of the same color as either team, for you may be mistaken for a player and cause confusion. Be sure to wear stout shoes with low square heels; you have to be inside the limits of the ground, and you will not be popular if you leave deep heelmarks on a soft field.

The best place for an umpire to stand is somewhere between the side lines and the five-yards line, closing in a little for scrums round the goal, but there again you must be vigilant so as to be able to guess when a ball is coming your way and to move promptly enough so as not to obstruct the players. Always have a trustworthy watch and if possible one with a second hand, for a few seconds can sometimes alter the whole result of a match. Make out a card beforehand like that shown in the diagram. Note the moment of starting and opposite "Half time" on the card write down the moment you will blow for half time. If you write the time of

Dec. 19, 1925	
Reds vs Blues	
1/2 time	
Time Extra	
Reds.	Blues.
1 Jones	1 Simpson
1 R. Jones	1 R. Jones
1 L. King	1 C. half
1 C. forward	1 C. forward
Total 3	Total 4

A time card is as important as a stop watch. At the left is a suggested blank form; at the right, the completed card with a record of who made the goals

starting, you will have the task in mental arithmetic of adding thirty-five minutes to the starting time in the middle of the match when you may be very busy. Similarly, after half time write the time of the end of the game.

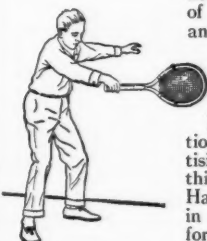


TENNIS FOR BEGINNERS



SERVICE

The correct stand before commencing to serve.



BACKHAND DRIVE

Meeting the Ball

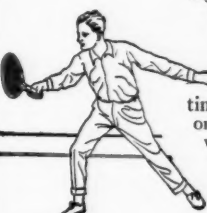
Notice the flat racket face. The stiff wrist and hand on top of handle. The body sideways to net, weight swinging forward.



THE VOLLEY

Forehand Volley

Notice feet; left foot advanced to the ball and weight on the shot; the wrist below the racket head; eyes watching the ball as it comes to you; the left hand used as a balance.



THE VOLLEY

Backhand Volley

Notice feet; right extended into the shot and body sideways to net. Flat racket face, wrist stiff and below head of racket; left arm used as balance; eyes on the ball.



THE FOREHAND DRIVE

About to meet the ball. Notice the flat racket face well away from the body and in front of the belt buckle.

TENNIS gives more to the boy who plays it than any other game. Besides providing exercise, tennis brings much more. . . . Nowhere will you find a better analysis of a man's character than on the tennis court."—From *THE KID* by Wm. T. Tilden 2d, in the Spalding Athletic Library series.

Tennis is a game of the whole body. It is not merely a question of swinging your arms and hitting a ball with a racket. It is a game of legs, arms, body and—above all—of brain.

Do not let your attention wander while practising. Forget everything else. Concentrate. Have only one thought in mind—tennis. Play for every set with every ounce of determination in your body. Play to win every game in the set, every point in the game, every shot in the point.

One thing must be firmly fixed in mind, that is: do not try to "kill" the ball every time you hit it. Put the ball where you want it. Put it there correctly in good form. Put it there carefully.

After you can do all of these things surely, put it there fast.

In other words, never hit a tennis ball without a definite idea as to how and where it is going, and what you are trying to do with it.

If you have a pronounced weakness, instead of trying to hide it in practice, use all the time to strengthen it. The only solution to any weakness is incessant practice, until it becomes a strength. If you cannot make a stroke in correct form in practice, don't make it at all.

Don't face the net when making a stroke. Don't look away from the ball.

Don't use two hands on a racket.

Don't quit.

Don't grouch.

Don't lose your temper.

Don't argue.

Don't fool; be serious.

Don't underestimate your opponent.

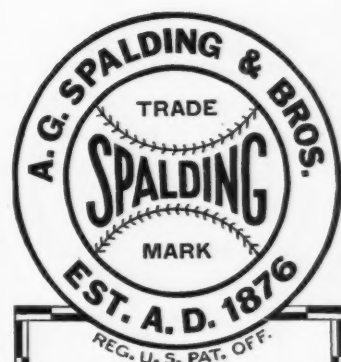
Don't overestimate yourself.

Don't stand around heated after playing.

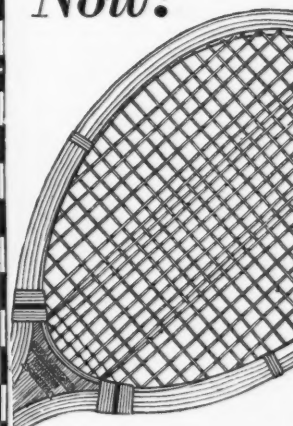
Don't worry if you get licked.

Learn the rules. There are not many, and they are simple, but they are important.

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Box 472, Pawtucket, R. I.
Makers of Tennis Rackets for 46 years.

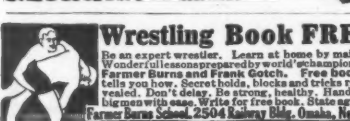
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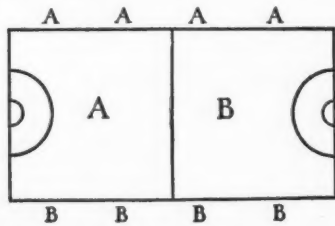


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Opposite the word "Extras" write any extra time to be given in case that play has been stopped for a few minutes because of an accident. It is the umpire's business to make a note of any such stoppage and to add the wasted moments to the end of the half.

Under "Reds" you put down any goals scored by them and the name of the person who shot the goal, or, if you don't know her name, her position in the field. Do the same for the Blues. At half time draw a line across to divide the score into two halves. Thus the completed card will appear as in the second diagram. Have a good whistle, preferably of bone or horn, that sounds loudly and easily; don't be afraid to use it. Either have it strung on a cord round your neck or use one with a large ring that you can thrust over your finger. There is then no need to let go of it even when you write down the score, and you need not grovel desperately for it next time there is a foul. Have either a pencil and a penknife or two pencils with you. A pencil with a ring at the end can be threaded on a ribbon round your neck and then dropped into the breast pocket of your blazer so that at half time it is easily accessible. After the match compare your goals with the other umpire to verify them.

Whatever you give give firmly and blow your whistle loudly. A hesitating, feeble blow will



How two umpires—A and B—divide the field. Each one should be certain of her territory; neither should interfere in the territory of the other

not give the players any confidence in you. Umpire with strict fairness and never lose your temper. If you find you have made a bad mistake,—if for example you have allowed a goal that has gone through the side of the net and the attackers agree on the fact,—you will be correct in reversing your decision, provided you reverse it at once before play is resumed. Nothing can be done in the way of disallowing the goal after the match is over. Sometimes an umpire gives a corner where it should have been a "twenty-five," or vice versa. If a player says "It touched me last," you can easily say "Oh, very well, take a corner" or a "twenty-five," whichever it happens to be.

It is an umpire's duty to see that players do not wear metal spikes on their boots or hat pins or hard-brimmed hats! Tactfully remind players of the rules if their tunics are too short or too long and refuse to allow them to play with sticks with dangerous splinters sticking out. Take with you a change of shoes and stockings, for fields are often muddy, and you should not travel home with wet feet.

See that your free hits, rolls-in and "twenty-five bullies" are taken in the proper place, but don't be fussy. In a rough match concentrate especially on off-side turning on the ball and other fouling and striking at sticks. Be sure of your rules and the penalties. Say firmly "Foul against Red," or "Free hit to Blue"; say it so that it can be heard and at the same time wave your arm in the direction of the free hit.

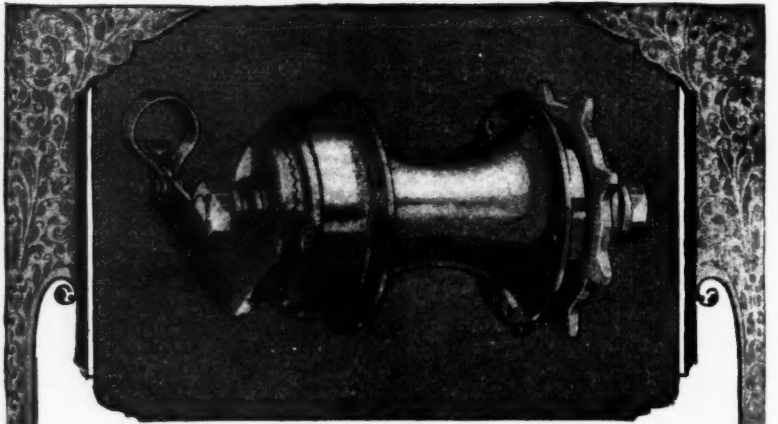
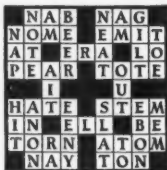
In first-class hockey players generally know when they foul, and there is no trouble, but in poor games the players sometimes like you to say, "Turn against Red" or "Kick against Blue." Do not go into elaborate explanations—there is no time.

Remember you are there to make things as easy as possible for the players and to make the game enjoyable for both sides, and therefore don't make yourself unnecessarily unpleasant over little points that don't matter. Some umpires are so full of their own importance that they are positively officious.

There should always be two umpires; it is quite impossible for one person, run she ever so fast, to keep up with the forwards of both sides, and unless she does keep up with them she cannot see "off side." To have a game well in hand

SATISFY
YOUR
CURIOSITY

Here is the answer to cross-word puzzle O, which was printed in The Companion of April 9. Compare it with yours and then start brushing up your United States history. You'll need it for the new sort of puzzle next week.



Of course, you want a bicycle—

And you should have one. Boys and bicycles were made for each other—the chummiest of chums. A fellow who passes through boyhood without the joy of owning and riding a good bike is missing hours and hours of healthy happy fun.

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each umpire takes half of the field and the whole of one touch line. Thus in the third diagram one umpire has the half marked A and the side line (for roll-in only) marked A, the other the

half marked B and side line B. It is not customary to give fouls in the other umpire's half or to interfere with her at all, however bad you may consider her to be!

BASEBALLS

NO record of human events mentions the discoverer of the ball as a plaything; perhaps one of our primeval Nordic ancestors noticed that a peculiarly shaped stone rolled up a smooth and somewhat sloping rock by each incoming wave rolled back again, until stopped by some natural obstacle, as the wave receded. He may have picked the stone up and examined it curiously, then, thinking it might interest his baby, have carried it to his cave, where its rolling round the floor pleased not only the baby but also the grown-ups. But the stone would have been too heavy for little hands, so that in an inspired moment the father began to wind soft grass or animal sinews round a nut, until the ancestor of the official league baseball of today lay in his hands.

Until recent years, when competitive athletics demanded balls of uniform size, weight and

wound would vary at different parts of the ball, and at best no two workmen would apply the same pressure at all times. Thus there would be more in one ball than in another and hence greater weight. The temperature of the oven and the time the balls were allowed to stay in it were factors that made still greater differences in size, weight and elasticity.

American inventive genius was not satisfied with the old-fashioned hit-or-miss way of making balls, and soon balls were wound on a hand winding machine with either wet or dry yarn. Later automatic machines came into use, and they have been so perfected that today they insure virtual uniformity in the tension of the yarn while it is being wound and of resilience, size and weight of the ball. It is literally true that the balls are more alike than peas in a pod. There are different types of ball-winding machines, but all are of about the same efficiency and attain essentially the same results. Delinquent machines would be of slight value, for baseballs must be perfect spheres and must conform to standard in weight and size. Between five and five and one-quarter ounces is the correct weight and between nine and nine and one-quarter inches the correct diameter for balls to be used by players of over sixteen years of age. Younger players use a ball of between four and one-half and four and three-quarters ounces in weight and between eight and one-half and eight and three-quarters inches in circumference.

The balls used today are live balls; that is, if you throw them forcibly upon a hard floor they will rebound above your head. The centres, or cores, may be small balls of cork or rubber or of the two substances combined. The special yarns to cover the cores vary according to the grade of the balls being made. Naturally, if coarse yarn is used, less yardage will be required and a little time will be saved in winding each ball, but upon the best grades of balls a yarn that has a worsted core containing a certain percentage of live wool is used to give the ball "loft." It provides a certain tension, hardness and resilience and still keeps the finished ball within the required weight. If solid yarn were used, the ball would be heavier than the standard. After the ball is wound to nearly the standard size it is finished with a fine cotton yarn and covered with rubber cement to give a hard, smooth and elastic surface, which adds much to the life of the cover. Such a ball as this requires more than one thousand feet of yarn.

The cover is of horsehide. Until the automobile usurped the place of the great draft horses in the cities there was an ample supply of ball covers, but the increased demand for the



The cutting die and the powerful machine that takes but one stroke to cut half of a baseball cover

resilience, upon which records could be based, little attention was given to the design of balls. The standard, or official, ball has been evolved within the present generation. To be more exact, the official league baseball and the present century arrived almost simultaneously.

The popularity of our national game depends largely upon the uniformity of the balls used, for variations in elasticity, size and weight would result in misjudged distances and too many errors in play; moreover, if a new ball was required to replace one lost or worn out during a game, there might be an advantage or loss to one side because of the difference between the lost ball and the new ball, or at least grounds for argument for allowances or penalties.

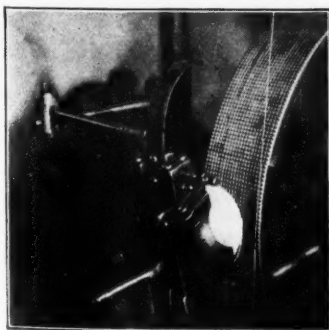
Formerly baseballs were wound by hand. The cores were of rubber, leather, paper, wood or other material, according to whether it was desired that the ball should be "live," or very elastic, or "dead," with as little bounce as possible. Wet worsted yarn was wound upon the core by hand, in the same manner that our ancestors for a thousand generations have wound yarn into balls; only the winding of a baseball was much tighter, as the ball must be hard. At various stages of the winding process the balls were placed under pressure in different-sized cups to keep them of correct size and shape. The water in the yarn made it stronger and allowed it to be wound tighter and more closely, and when the ball was finished it was dried in an oven and the cover fitted and sewed on. Like any other handmade product, the absence



The ball is held in a cup-shaped vise while the final stitches are taken in the tight cover. Looks good, doesn't it?

finest balls and the contemporary decrease in the number of such horses have made that source of supply inadequate, so that now horsehides are picked up wherever they can be found. The hides thus procured are smaller, and so the number of covers suitable for the official league balls that may be cut from each hide is appreciably less, for not more than one third of the area of the front of the hide is suitable for the best balls. This scarcity of suitable cover leather is an important factor in the cost of making the balls.

The leather, being alum tanned, will shrink and always be tight upon the ball as the ball becomes smaller with use. A certain amount of moisture is necessary to keep the cover on the ball, for in very dry climates it may wear out quickly. The thread used in sewing covers on balls is made especially for that purpose, for it would be difficult to find a place in which thread receives rougher usage than in the cover of a baseball; ball thread is made of the best long-staple cotton obtainable. All balls with sewed covers must be sewed by hand, for thus far all attempts to produce a practical ball-sewing machine have been failures. After the balls are made they undergo careful inspection and rigid testing. They are then wrapped in tissue paper and placed in a pasteboard box.



The white spot is a ball that this machine is winding to just the right size and weight

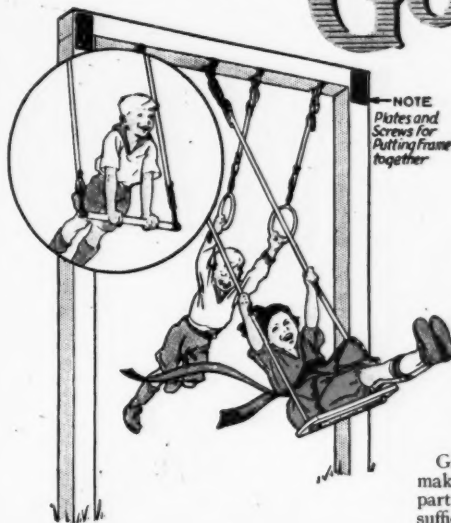
of mechanical accuracy was evident; therefore it was necessary that the cover of nearly every ball should be cut and fitted separately.

Before baseball had become the scientific game of the present time the variation of a half ounce in weight was considered of slight importance. That variation could not be avoided, for the tension upon the yarn while being

"This is the Life!"

Go-boy

Play-Ground Outfit



NOTE
Plates and
Screws for
Putting frame
together

Makes possible the latest and most approved playground equipment right in your own back yard.

A delight to boys and girls who enjoy the thrill of the Swing, the Trapeze Bar and the Flying Rings.

Parents and teachers who know the value of health-giving exercise heartily endorse The Go-Boy Play-Ground Outfit and appreciate its reasonable price.

Great care has been taken to make this outfit safe. All the parts have a reserve of strength sufficient to meet any emergency.

Specifications: Parts equipped with swivel jointed bearings. Best hemp rope with easy adjusting clamps. Trapeze Bar and Swing Seat made of best hard wood. Aluminum Flying Rings — (1/2 wt. of iron) won't rust. Finish — black enamel. Shipped safely packed in individual cartons. Complete instructions for erecting frame accompanies each outfit. (Get wood for frame locally.)

Users of our "Go-Boy" Scooter advertised in The Companion know what "Go-Boy" quality means. If any boy or girl hasn't a "Go-Boy" Scooter they're missing half the fun of living.

If no dealer near you has the "Go-Boy" Play-Ground Outfit or the "Go-Boy" Scooter use this coupon and send to us.

The Go-Boy Corporation, 619 Canton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please send me
Check ☐ "Go-Boy" Play-Ground Outfit — Swing, trapeze bar, flying rings, and all necessary fittings to erect. \$15.00 enclosed. (Get wood for frame locally.)
Check ☐ "Go-Boy" Scooter — the greatest fun on wheels. \$10.00 enclosed.



THE GO-BOY CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A training your boy should have

You take an interest in your boy's studies. Do you take the same interest in seeing that your boy has a training in clean, manly sports? Many of life's most important lessons are learned on the playground rather than in the schoolroom.

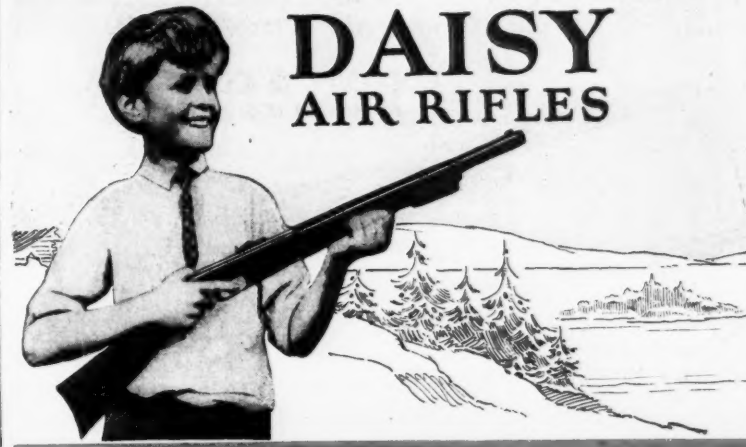
Millions of men have learned how to shoot and handle a gun when they were boys, with a Daisy Air Rifle. Today they look back on the sport they had, but most of them will also tell you that it meant more to them then just fun. Marksmanship is a sport that makes for character, manliness and self-reliance.

Your boy wants a rifle of his own. Why not start him with a safe gun — a Daisy Air Rifle?

The illustration shows the Daisy Pump Gun — a 50-shot repeater for \$5.00. Ask your dealer to show you this, and other Daisy models, \$1.00 to \$5.00, or sent direct on receipt of price.

Daisy Manufacturing Company
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES



BOYS!

Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual — a book written just for boys. It tells how to become a crack shot, how to form a drill company, and how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.



As Safe as a Wallop to the Centerfield Fence

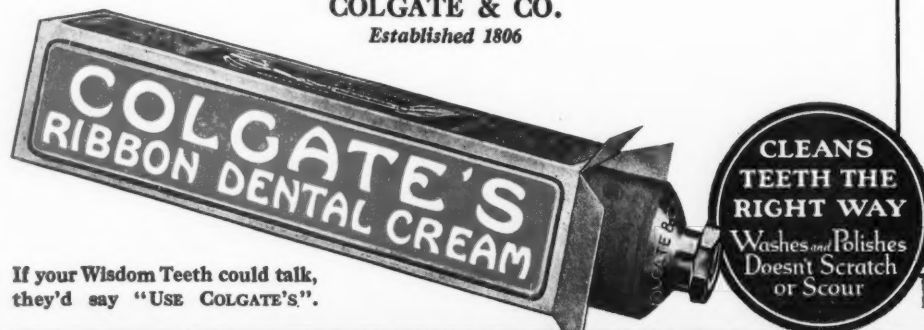
The fellow who makes a hit—in a ball game, or in the work he takes up later on in life—is one who keeps in good health.

Coach Andy Coakley is right when he says "Take care of your teeth if you aim to be a real ball player". Read what he says. He's an old "big leaguer" and an able coach. Brush your teeth

after every meal and before bedtime with a *safe* dentifrice. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is *safe*. It removes causes of tooth decay—without harm to the enamel of your teeth. Colgate's contains no harsh grit—no strong drugs. Its taste is delicious.

A large tube 25c.

COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



If your Wisdom Teeth could talk, they'd say "USE COLGATE'S".

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK, N. Y.

OFFICE OF
GRADUATE MANAGER

To Future Baseball Stars:

A ball player must always be in good condition if he is to bat over .300 and field over .900.

It takes good condition to do this. Good teeth mean good condition. So take care of your teeth if you aim to be a real ball player.

Sincerely yours,

Andy Coakley

Coach Baseball.

AJC:BB

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture